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In addition to the regular contribution from Mr. Frothingham, we append to this number of our Magazine his excellent and timely Palm Sunday Discourse, entitled,


The Unitarian Convention and the Times,

which the Publishers of the FRIEND OF PROGRESS solicited of the Author for publication in cheap form for gratuitous distribution.

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FRIEND OF PROGRESS.

VOL. 1.]

New York, May, 1865.

[No. 7.

Dispute between Men and Animals.

From the Hindustani.

(Extracted from the Iman us Sufi.)

TRANSLATED BY C. T. BROOKS.

(Concluded.)

IX.

[The men questioned; their replies, and the objections of the animals.]

The king, having been exceedingly pleased, praised him, and, having inclined himself towards the assembly of the men, said: "Do you hear all that this one says? Is there now any answer left on your part?" A person from among them, an Arab, said, "In us are many excellencies and good qualities by which our claim is established." The king said, "Set them forth." He said, "Our life passes in many pleasures. Delights of various kinds in eating and drinking are accumulated for us. To the animals they do not even come in sight. The pith and marrow of fruits come to our eating. They eat skin and stone. Besides this, various forms of eatables—muffins, milk, and biscuit, butter-milk cake, cow's eye, cow's tongue, nimble-cake, rice-milk, roast meat, corn and beans, fried egg plant, curry, hasty pudding, milk, sour milk, bonny-clabber, ghee of different kinds, sweet meats, preserves, comfits, jelly-pie, sugar plums, custards, amrit, almond-cakes, etc., we eat. Amusements for the spirits—dancing, merry-making, laughter, good-cheer, story-telling, are provided for us. Fine clothes and jewels of one and another kind we put on. Woolen carpets, mats, rugs,

and many spreads we lay down. Where are these things within the reach of the animals? They always eat the grass of the jungle, and day and night, stark naked in the manner of slaves, continue in toil and drudgery. All these things are evidence that we are masters and they slaves."

The representative of the birds, the Bulbul,* was sitting before him on the branch of a tree. He said to the king, that "this man who makes boast of his manifold sorts of eating and drinking, he knows not that in fact on account of these are all this trouble and misery." Said the king, "Make it manifest how this is."

He said, "For this reason, that for the sake of this luxury they undergo many labors and pains: digging the ground, driving the plow, yoking the oxen, letting on the water, sowing the seed, reaping, weighing, grinding, kindling fire in the oven to cook by; haggling with butchers for meat; running up bills with the merchants; undergoing hardships for the sake of accumulating property; acquiring art and science; afflicting the body; going to far, far countries; for the sake of two coppers standing with clasped hands in the presence of emirs; in short, by this sort of hook and crook they get together goods and chattels: after death it falls to the inheritance of others; if money has been acquired lawfully, then there is record and writing of it; if not, then there is trouble and torment. We remain free from this affliction and torment, because our food is merely grass and herbs; what they sow is

* Literally "Hazai dastan"—of a thousand tales,
"No more to greet the sun's first rays,
The Bulbul tunes his thousand lays."

produced from the ground—that without toil or trouble we appropriate to our use; all sorts and kinds of fruits that Allah Most High has, by his power, created for us, we eat, and we always give thanks for it. Thought and seeking for what we shall eat and drink never enter into our hearts; wherever we go, by divine favor everything is brought within our reach. And these men are always wallowing in the notion of power. And whatever they eat in one way and another, just so many kinds of pain and torment do they undergo. They are afflicted with chronic diseases, head-ache, brain fever, cholera, delirium, palsy, tic-doloureux, ague, catarrh, jaundice, hectic-fever, boils, pustules, itch, ring-worm, scurvy, diarrhea, gonorrhoea, elephantiasis, nasal-gia;* in short, all sorts and kinds of sicknesses fall to their lot. They run about to annoy the doctors for nostrums and medicines. For all this they impudently say that “We are masters, and the animals our slaves.”

Man gave answer, that “Sickness is not anything peculiar to us; even the animals are often afflicted with disease.”

He said, “When the animals are sick it is merely on account of their association and intercourse with you: dogs, cats, pigeons, hens and other animals that are prisoners in your homes, cannot eat and drink in their own way: therefore they fall sick. And those animals that go to and fro in the jungle in the freedom of nature are kept from every disease, because they have a fixed time of eating and drinking. They never take too much nor too little. And these animals that are prisoners in your homes cannot take the times for roosting in their own way. They eat their meals out of season, or, by reason of hunger, go and eat beyond measure. They put no restraint on the body; on this account they now and then fall sick. This is the very reason of your children’s being sick, that mothers and nurses eat with greediness the improper things of which you yourselves make boast. By this very thing bad humors are generated; milk is spoiled; in consequence of it boys are born ill-favored, and are always afflicted with diseases. By reason of these diseases they are overtaken with sudden and violent deaths, with pain and anguish. In short, it is as a punishment of your own actions that you are ensnared in these torments, and we preserved from them. Among the various kinds of eating with you,

* Diseases of the nose.

honey is the sweetest and best which you eat, and are accustomed to use in medicine, and which is the slime of flies, and not of your produce. Then what things have you to boast of? There remain fruits and grains—in the eating of them, we and you are partakers. And from old time our and your ancestors have always been partakers. In the days when your great ancestors, Lord Adam and Lady Eve, did dwell in the Garden of Paradise, and without toil or trouble ate the fruits of thereabouts, there was not any kind of care or labor. Our ancestors also did share there in that affluence and delight. When your ancestor, under the delusion of his enemy, went and forgot God’s precepts and hankered after a grain, and was banished thence, angels having brought him down, cast him into Sutha, the place where even grain and herbs were not, what chance then for fruit? For sometime they wept in this sorrow, at last their repentance was accepted; God forgave their sin and sent an angel. He having come to their abode, taught them to dig the ground, to sow, to grind, to cook, to put on clothes. In short, night and day they remained entangled in this toil and drudgery. When many children were born, and began to dwell in every wild and cultivated place, then they made a beginning of oppressing the inhabitants of the soil. They seized upon their soil. And some, having caught, they imprisoned; very many fled; having prepared and prepared nets and nooses of all sorts and shapes, they went in pursuit of them for the purpose of catching and making them prisoners. At last it came to such a pass that now you stand up and make your own assertion of your glory and dignity. You prepare for contest and conflict. And this that you say, that ‘we make assemblies of pleasure; occupy ourselves in dancing and festivity; spend the time in mirth and merriment; put on fine clothes and jewels of every variety; and there are many other things beside these that are not to be had by us (the animals)’—it is true: nevertheless there is to you, for every one of these things, a compensation of pain and penalty from which we are free. As a compensation for your houses of marriage you sit in houses of mourning; in exchange for merriment you endure misery; in exchange for mirth and music and laughter, you are burdened with weeping and wailing; in place of splendid mansions you sleep in the dark tomb; for jewels you wear a yoke on the neck, fetters on the hands, chains on the

feet; instead of praise you are victims of satire. In short, as a compensation for every delight, you undergo sorrow also. And from these misfortunes we are exempted, because these labors and sorrows are the desert of slaves and wretches. And for us, in place of your cities and houses, this spacious campaign is provided; from earth to sky, wherever heart desires, we fly. On the green, green grass of the river banks we go grazing and pecking without molestation. Without toil or trouble we eat our lawful food and drink delicious water, and there is no one to forbid. Ropes, buckets, water-skins, goggles we need not. All these things are necessary for you, that, taking them on your shoulders, you may wander everywhere and sell. You are always entangled in toil and trouble. All these are the marks of slaves. How, then, does it appear that you are masters and we are slaves?"

The king inquired of the men, "Is there now any further answer left to you?" He said, "There are in us many merits and excellencies that make proof of our claim." The king said, "Set them forth." An individual from among them, a Hebrew, said, that "Allah Most High has bestowed on us a variety of distinctions—Religion, Prophecy, and a Word from above—all these favors has he vouchsafed. By having acquainted us with what is lawful and unlawful, good and evil, he has appointed us for an entrance into paradise. Baptism, purification, prayer, fasting, alms, offerings in mosques, making prayers in pulpits, reading Friday sermons, and many forms of worship has he taught us. All these prerogatives make proof of this, that we are masters and they slaves." The deputy of the birds said, "If you reflect and remember, you will perceive that these things are for your grief and affliction." The king said, "In what manner is this an affliction?" Said he, "All these ceremonies have been appointed by Allah Most High for this reason, that their sins may go forgiven, and they may not come to be lost. If they do not practice upon these commandments of the law, their faces shall be black before God*—with this fear they engage in worship. And we are free from sin. We have no need of any of those ceremonies on which these build their own glory. And Allah Most High has sent messengers, for the sake of those people who are infidels

and idolators and sinners and do not his precepts, but night and day continue in adultery and fornication. And we are free from that contamination and corruption. We know the one only God, and we are always employed in his service. And prophets and messengers are similitudes of physicians and astrologers. They are the very people who have need of physicians who are sick and diseased. And to astrologers the unfortunate and ill-starred resort. And baptism and purification have been made indispensable for you on this account, that you are always unclean. Night and day you spend the time in adultery and incest, and have generally vile bodies; on this account is baptism commanded you. And from these things we keep clear. In the whole year you make a single pilgrimage; even that for the sake of lust and pleasure; not merely on account of your eternal existence, do you render obedience to this command. Prayer and fasting are enjoined on this account, that by means thereof your sins may go forgiven. We do no sin. How can any injunction be laid on us? Alms and offerings are needed for this reason, that you are all the time heaping together property by fair means and foul, and do not give to righteous people. If you bestowed upon the poor and destitute, then what occasion for the injunction of alms-giving? And we exercise consideration and compassion towards the children of our own race. We never scrape together from avarice. And this that you say, that Allah Most High has sent down to you the distinction of lawful and unlawful, and a revelation of the law of retribution, this is for your instruction. Because your heart is darkened—in your ignorance and folly you do not comprehend profit and loss. On this account you have need of teachers and masters. And to us has Allah Most High communicated every thing without the intervention of messengers."

At what hour the spokesman of the birds had ended this saying, the king, looking to the men's quarter, said, "Whatever you have left to say, make known."

From the assembly of the men, a Parthian gave answer that "now also there remain many excellencies and distinctions to us by which it is confirmed that we are masters and the animals our slaves. Thus, for the sake of show and splendor various kinds of clothes, double shawls, brocades, silk cloths, gold cloths, sable, mushroom, rose-figured dresses, muslin, fine muslin, sahan, satin, embroidery,

* The Jews also taught that the faces of the wicked would turn black.—SALE.

striped muslin, plaid, various kinds of mats, woolen rugs, carpets and spreads, besides this, many other ornaments are furnished us. By this, it is manifest that we are masters and they slaves. For where is this outfit placed within reach of the animals. Stark naked in the jungle after the manner of slaves they go loitering about. All these favors and graces of God are proof of our lordship. We are worthy that we should exercise over them sovereign authority, and hold them in such manner as we desire: they are all our slaves."

The king spoke with the animals: "Now what answer give you to this?" As representative of the beasts, the fox said to that man: You who make your boast of this soft and splendid dress, say this, these various kinds of clothes, in former times where were they, if you had not taken them from the animals by oppression and violence?"

The man said, "To what purpose do you say this word?" Said the fox, "Among all the dresses in your houses, the most genteel and easy are brocades and silks and raw silks. These are from the slime of insects. And insects are not among the children of Adam. Nay, they are from the class of worms that for their shelter attach themselves with gum to trees, that they may be kept from the attacks of cold and heat. You have torn them from it with violence and tyranny, therefore God holds you captive in this affliction, that, having taken it, you stretch and weave it with labor—then get it sewed by the tailor and washed by the washerman. In short, such and such labors and troubles you undergo, that you carefully keep it and sell it, that you are always immersed in this anxiety. So, too, with the clothes that you generally prepare from the head and hair of animals. In fact, your splendid garments are mostly the wool of animals. Having robbed them of them by tyranny and extortion, you appropriate them to your own purposes; for all this you make so much indecent boast. If we should boast of this, then it would be decent—because God Most High has created it upon our bodies, that we should make our own clothes and covering. He in his compassion and kindness has bestowed this clothing upon us, that we might be shielded from cold and heat. What time we were created, from that time Allah Most High created on our bodies this dress also. Through his kindness, without labor or trouble all this is provided for us. And you always to your last breath are in-

involved in this anxiety. Your great ancestor was disobedient to God; in recompense for that this affliction is to you." The king spake to the fox: "Make known to us the history of the beginning of Adam's world."

Said he, "What time Allah Most High created Adam and Eve, food and clothing were provided for them in the same manner as for the animals. For these two dwelt on a mountain of ruby on the side of the East under the line of the equator. Their whole body was protected by the hair of their heads, and by means of this hair they were secured from heat and cold. In this garden they went up and down and ate the fruits of all the trees. Not any kind of toil and trouble did they undergo, such as these people are now imprisoned in. This was the divine command, that they should eat all the fruits of Paradise, only this tree they should not come near. Under the delusion of Satan they evaded God's commandment. That time all their dignity was gone. The hair of their head fell off. Having become naked, an angel, in pursuance of God's command, drove them out thence." What time the deputy of the beasts had made this statement, man said, "O animals, it is not necessary nor fitting that you should prate in our presence. This is better, that you should hold your tongues." The fox said, "What is the reason of this?" He said, "For this reason, that among the animals there is none more vicious and vile than you. And in no animal is there a hard-heartedness like yours, nor such a greediness in eating carrion either. Besides the wronging of the animals, there is no profit in you. You are always concerned in the slaughter and plunder of them." He said, "Explain how this is." Said he, "For this reason, that as many beasts as there are, having hunted the animals, they go and eat them, crack up their bones and drink their blood, and never take any pity on their condition."

The deputy of the beasts said, "We who pursue this practice with the animals, do it simply from your teaching. And if we were not at all acquainted with this we should not do it, for this reason, that before Adam no beast did hunt an animal. Every animal that died in the wild jungle, his flesh they ate. To live animals they gave no trouble. In short, so long as they found flesh of animals that had fallen hither and thither, they vexed no creature. But in time they were constrained by necessity and violence. When

you were created, and goats, sheep, cows, oxen, camels, asses having seized, you dragged away captive, nothing was left to any animal in the jungle. Was their flesh found again in the jungle? Having become helpless they began to hunt live animals. And for our sake this is lawful, just as for you, in a case of extreme urgency, it is right to eat carrion. And this that you say, that in the hearts of the beasts cruelty and mercilessness are, we find not any animal complaining for himself, as with you men make complaints. And this that you say, that beasts tear the bellies of animals, drink their blood and eat their flesh, you also do this very thing. Having slaughtered with knives, to rip off the skin, having slit the belly to crack the bones, to waste and eat, these actions take place with you. We do not so. If you reflect and consider, then it will be evident that the tyranny of beasts is not parallel to yours. And you pursue such conduct among yourselves with your own brothers and servants as beasts are not acquainted with. And this that you say, that 'from you no profit comes to anybody,' this, however, is manifest, that from our hide and hair profit comes to you all. And so many hunting animals as are imprisoned about your houses, having hunted, yield you food. But rather tell this, what profit comes from you to the animals? The injury is manifest, that, having sacrificed the animals, you eat their flesh, and there is in you such stinginess with us, that your dead bodies also you bury in the ground, that we may not get and eat them. No profit comes to us from your living nor from your dead. And this that you say, that beasts make slaughter and plunder of the animals, this, too, the animals have adopted from seeing you. For from the days of Cain and Abel* down to this time, they have been all along perceiving that you always continue engaged in squabbling and scuffling. Because Rustem, Isfandyar, Jamshed, Zuhak, Faredun, Afrasyab, Manuchihr, Darius, Alexander, etc., were always occupied with battle and bloodshed—and in this passed away. Even now you are engaged in war and wickedness, for all which you shamelessly glory and give the beasts a bad name. You desire by fraud and calumny to secure your own dominion, as you must always be occupied with jangling and wrangling. Does one ever see the beasts among

themselves do injury one to another? If you well observe and carefully consider the conduct of the animals, then will it appear that they are in some respects better than you."

The deputy of the men said: "And is there any proof of this?" He said: "Whoever in your race is a monk or devotee, leaving your country, betakes himself to the mountains and jungles where are the dwellings of the beasts, and with them day and night maintains warm friendship—the beasts harm them not. But if the beasts were not better than you, then for what do your monks and devotees go to them? Because the steady and sober go not among the wicked; nay, they flee from them. This is proof that the beasts are better than you. And another proof is this, that if to tyrannical kings any man of quietness and piety becomes suspect, they turn him out into the jungle. If the beasts do not trouble him, then by this they conclude that this is an honest and upright person. Because every one recognizes a fellow of his own species. For this reason the beasts, knowing a good man, do not trouble him. It is true, 'Saint knoweth saint.' Yes, among beasts also are wicked and vile ones. Where is this not so? In every race there are both bad and good. But those beasts which are bad, even they do not molest the honest and good, but bad men they go and eat."

What hour the agent of the animals had delivered himself of this speech, a sage from the company of genii said: "This one speaks truth. They who are good people, fleeing from the bad, make friendship with the good, even though they be of another race. And those who are bad, they also flee from the good, and going among the bad, associate with them. If men were not bad and base, for what should their monks and devotees be always going to the deserts and mountains, and find protection with the beasts, notwithstanding the difference of race. Because between these and those there is no visible affinity, but in good qualities certainly they are partners." The whole assembly of genii said: "This one has spoken truth. There is no mistake or falsehood in him." The men hearing from every side this reproach and malediction, being exceedingly abashed, all hung down their heads.

X.

[*Conclusion of the Controversy.*]

What hour they had delivered themselves of this discoursing, a sage of the genii said:

**Habel and Kabeel* in the original.

“O assembled men and animals, those beings who are spiritual and discerning you are ignorant of, and a multitude that have no connection with the body, them you do not know. And they are immaterial souls and uncompounded spirits which dwell in the houses of the heavens. Some among them who constitute the angelic society, they are set over the sphere of the heavens. And some who dwell in the latitude of the cold sphere, they are genii and the crew of devils. But if you consider the multitude of this population, then you will perceive plainly that men and animals in comparison with them retain no existence. For this reason, that the region of the cold sphere is tenfold greater than the sea and the dry land, and the region of the heavenly sphere exceeds by ten parts even the sphere of cold. In the same manner the sphere of the heavens is ten parts greater than all the spheres of the moon. In short, between every upper and the next lower sphere there is the same proportion. And all these spheres are filled with bright creatures. Not a span of room is left. These immaterial spirits reside there. But oh men, if you could see the multitude of them, then you would perceive plainly that before them your race retains no dignity, and your crowd and multitude do not demonstrate, after all, that you are masters and all animals your slaves. Because all are servants of God, and his subjects and soldiers. He has made some the subjects and dependents of others. In short, in such manner as he desired, by his consummate wisdom, in them his decreed arrangements have come to pass. In every condition there is cause to render him praise and thanks.”

What time the Hakeem of the Genii had ended this speech, the king said to the men, “To every matter on which you have boasted the animals have given answer. And whatever else remains for you to say, make known.” A Preacher of Hafaz said, “There are other excellences in us by which it is established that we are masters and the animals slaves.” The king said, “Make them known.”

He said, “Allah Most High has promised us many favors: resurrection from the dead; to roam in every direction over the universe; in the reckoning of the judgment to pass over the bridge Sirat; Paradise; Eternity; the Garden of Eden; the Garden of Rest; the House of Peace; the Mansion of Rest; the House of Residence; the House of Sobriety;

the Fountain of Salsabil; rivers with wine and milk, honey and water; high houses; society of wives; the nearness of God. Many other favors besides these has Allah Most High laid up for us. Where are these things in store for the animals? This same is proof that we are masters and the animals our slaves. And beside these favors and excellences, there are also many distinctions conferred on us which we have not mentioned.”

The Bulbul, spokesman of the birds, said: “As Allah Most High has made you promises of good, in the same manner has he also made for your sorrow threatenings of evil. For instance, the torment of the grave, the examination of Munkir and Nakir, the terrors of the day of judgment, the stern scrutiny, the entering into hell, the torments of Jahannam, Jahim, Sagar, Lazzah, Sair, Hotama, Hawya, the putting on the tarred shirt, drinking the yellow water, eating of the thorny tree Zagur, to dwell near the King of Hell, a neighbor of devils, to be imprisoned in torments, all these are for your sake. Besides these there are also many other torments and tortures. And we are free from these; as he has made us no promise of reward, even so also has he made us no threat of torment. Under God’s command we are content and thankful. No action or conduct of ours brings us either profit or loss. So we and you are equal in proof. You have no advantage over us.”

The Hijazee said, “How are we and you equal? Because we in any case shall survive forever. If we have rendered obedience to God, then we shall abide with prophets and saints and keep friendship with those people who are blessed—sages, good, just, noble, devout, holy, righteous, pious; and there is a similitude to the society of angels in those people who become eminent in doing righteousness. They long to see the face of God. And with their soul and substance they turn towards him—and on him they place their trust. To him they make request and look with hope; and with fear of him they tremble. And if we are sinners and do not his commandments, then by the intercession of the prophets we shall be delivered. Particularly by the intercession of Nabr Sarhag, Rassur, Be-Shakh, will all our sins go pardoned. After that we shall dwell forever in Paradise. And the angels will say this to us: ‘Peace be unto you! blessed be ye! and enter into Paradise! dwell there forever! and you, as many as are of the herd of animals, having been shut out

from all these favors, after separation from the world, shall become wholly mortal. Your very name and sign shall pass away."

This word was heard by the representatives of all the animals; and the sage of the genii said, "Now you have spoken the word of truth and shown mighty evidence! In such things do boasters boast! Now, however, declare this: those people about whom these praises and panegyrics are, what way are their virtues and excellencies and righteousnesses manifested? If you know, then declare distinctly." All the men for a moment remained thoughtful and silent. None of them was able to give an account.

After a moment, an acute and eloquent man said, "O just king, since the justice of men's claims has been made manifest in this presence, and this too has been shown, that of them there is such a multitude that are approximated to the Divinity, and through them illustrious qualities, glorious achievements, angelic and beautiful virtues, just and holy dispositions, strange and wondrous exploits have appeared, at the relation of which the tongue falters and the mind fails, wherefore should the ear of majesty be any longer wearied with these idle criminations and recriminations, which do verily threaten never to cease, and which, were they never so long protracted, would be only as an unmeaning and fleeting jargon before the majestic oracle of truth? Be graciously pleased, O king, to make thy sentence heard, that thy servants may no longer consume thy time and waste their own breath, but may be dismissed to resume their proper duties to thee and to Allah Most High."

Whereupon the king, looking around benignly on the assembly, lifted up his voice and said, "O men, and ye deputies of the animals, much truth and wisdom deserving to be pondered hath been spoken by both parties in this controversy. Allah Most High hath made man to rule over the creatures, but not to tyrannize over them—to be their shepherd and wise governor, not their selfish and proud oppressor and extortioner. He is set to govern them for their good, and to see that they destroy not him, themselves, nor each other, remembering that there are beings to whom he is inferior, as the animals are to him. The glory of all created beings consists in fulfilling each its several sphere of service to other creatures, and to Allah Most High. In making themselves despots over each other, they make themselves rebels against him.

Depart, then, all of you, to your several places and paths of duty and of gratification, which Allah Most High has marked out for you, who gives to every creature what it needs, and requires of each only according to what he hath given. Let this be a comfort to the weak, the ignorant, and the defenseless—a warning to the strong, the knowing, and the independent. Allah Most High is the Father and the Judge of all."

Hearing these words, in wondering reverence and submissive silence, the whole assembly, bowing thrice to the dust, retired the way they had come, the men to their cities, and the animals, both tame and wild, to their lairs, nests, eyries and stalls, and the dispute was never renewed.

Two Chapters of Epictetus.

BY T. W. HIGGINSON.

[Epictetus, the chief of the later Stoics, was originally a slave, and the property of one of Nero's bodyguards. He was born in the first century of our era. These chapters are newly translated from the Greek.]

CHAPTER III.

How, from the doctrine that God is the Father of Mankind, we may proceed to its consequences.

If a person could be persuaded of this principle as he ought, that we are all originally descended from God, and that he is the Father of men and gods, I conceive he never would think of himself meanly or ignobly. Suppose Cæsar were to adopt you, there would be no bearing your haughty looks; and will you not feel ennobled on knowing yourself to be the son of God? Yet, in fact, we are not ennobled. But having two things united in our composition, a body in common with the brutes, and reason in common with the gods, many incline to this unhappy and mortal kindred, and only some few to that which is happy and divine. And as, of necessity, every one must treat each particular thing according to the notions he forms about it, so those few, who suppose that they are made for faith and honor and a wise use of things, will never think meanly or ignobly concerning themselves. But with the multitude the case is contrary: "For what am I? A poor, contemptible man, with this miserable flesh of mine!" Miserable indeed. But you have likewise something better than this poor flesh. Why, then, over-

looking that, do you pine away in attention to this?

By means of this [animal] kindred, some of us, deviating towards it, become like wolves, faithless and crafty and mischievous; others, like lions, wild and savage and untamed; but most of us foxes, and disgraceful even among brutes. For what else is a slanderous and ill-natured man but a fox, or something yet more wretched and mean? Watch and take heed, then, that you do not sink thus low.

CHAPTER IV.

Of Progress.

He who is entering on a state of progress, having learnt from the philosophers that Good should be sought and Evil shunned, and having learnt, too, that prosperity and peace are no otherwise attainable by man than in not missing what he seeks nor incurring what he shuns—such an one removes totally from himself and banishes all wayward desire, and shuns only those things over which he can have control. For if he should attempt to shun those things over which he has no control, he knows that he must sometimes incur that which he shuns, and be unhappy. Now if virtue promises happiness, prosperity, and peace, then progress in virtue is certainly progress in each of these. For to whatever point the perfection of anything absolutely brings us, progress is always an approach towards it.

How happens it, then, that when we confess virtue to be such, yet we seek and make an ostentatious show of progress in other things? What is the business of virtue?

A life truly prosperous.

Who is in a state of progress, then? He who has best studied Chrysippus? Why, does virtue consist in having read Chrysippus through? If so, progress is confessedly nothing else than understanding a great deal of Chrysippus: otherwise we confess virtue to consist in one thing, and declare progress, which is an approach to it, to be quite another thing.

This person, they say, is already able to understand Chrysippus, by himself. "Certainly, sir, you have made a vast improvement!" What improvement? Why do you delude him? Why do you withdraw him from a sense of his real needs? Why do you not show him the real function of virtue, that he may know where to seek progress? Seek it

there, O unfortunate, where your work lies. And where doth your work lie? In learning what to seek and what to shun, that you may neither be disappointed of the one nor incur the other; in practicing how to pursue and how to avoid, that you may not be liable to fail; in intellectual assent and doubt, that you may not be liable to be deceived. These are the first and most necessary things. But if you merely seek, by trembling and lamentation, to keep away all possible ills, what real progress have you made?

Show me, then, your progress in this point. As if I should say to a wrestler, "Show me your muscle," and he should answer me, "See my dumb-bells." Your dumb-bells are your own affair: I desire to see the effect of them.

Take the treatise on the Active Powers, and see how thoroughly I have perused it."

I do not inquire into this, O slavish man; but how you exert those powers,—how you manage your desires and aversions, your intentions and purposes; how you meet events, whether in accordance with Nature's laws, or contrary to them. If in accordance, give me evidence of that, and I will say you improve; if the contrary, go your way, and not only comment on these treatises, but write such yourself; and yet what service will it do you? Do not you know that the whole volume is sold for a trifle? Doth he who comments upon it, then, value himself at more than that sum? Never make your life to consist in one thing and yet seek progress in another.

Where is progress, then?

If any of you, withdrawing himself from externals, turns to his own Will, to train and perfect and render it conformable to Nature,—noble, free, unrestrained, unhindered, faithful, humble; if he hath learnt, too, that whoever desires or shuns things which are out of his own power, can neither be faithful nor free, but must necessarily take his chance with them; must necessarily, too, be subject to others—to such as can procure or prevent what he desires or shuns: if, rising in the morning, he observes and keeps to these rules, bathes regularly, eats frugally, and to every subject of action applies the same fixed principles; if a racer, to racing; if an orator, to oratory,—this is he who truly makes progress; this is he who hath not labored in vain. But if he is wholly intent on reading books, and hath labored that point only, and traveled for that, I bid him go home imme-

diately and do his daily duties, since that which he sought is nothing.

The only real thing is, to study how to rid life of lamentation and complaint, and *Alas!* and *I am undone*, and misfortune, and failure; and to learn what death, what exile, what a prison, what poison is; that he may be able to say in a prison, like Socrates, "My dear Crito, if it thus pleases the gods, thus let it be;" and not, "Wretched old man, have I left my gray hairs for this!" Do you ask who speaks thus? Do you think I quote some mean and despicable person? Is it not Priam who says it? Is it not *Cedipus*? Nay, how many kings say it? For what else is tragedy but the dramatized sufferings of men, bewildered by an admiration of externals? If one were to be taught by fictions that things beyond our Will are nothing to us, I should rejoice in such a fiction, by which I might live prosperous and serene. But what you wish for, it is your business to consider.

Of what service, then, is Chrysippus to us?

To teach you that those things are not false on which true prosperity and peace depend. "Take my books, and you will see how true and conformable to Nature are those things which give me peace." How great a happiness! And how great the benefactor who shows the way! To *Triptolemus* all men have raised temples and altars, because he gave us a milder kind of food;* but to him who hath discovered and brought to light and communicated the truth to all, the means, not of living merely, but of living well; who among you ever raised an altar or a temple, or dedicated a statue, or who worships God in his name? We offer sacrifices in memory of those who have given us corn and the vine; and shall we not give thanks to God for those who have nurtured such fruit in the human breast, even the truth which makes us blessed?

* *Triptolemus* was said to have introduced agriculture and vegetable food among men, under the guidance of *Ceres*.

—Man is continually in a refining furnace. In his daily revolutions around his central idea, he is continually learning more and more of what he really is. The bright light emitted by this high central sun of his existence showeth him the light and shade of every action. He obtains correct views, correct knowledge, and becometh truly humble in speech and action.—LINTON.

The Natural Safeguards of Virtue.

BY O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

On taking up a bulky and very abstruse book on *Ontology*, the other day, we came on the following startling ideas with which the friends of Progress have some concern. The writer's positions are these: That all the powers that act to keep men noble, pure, virtuous, truthful, good, just, come from above—as a supernatural gift and special influence. Moral ideas, moral sentiments, moral convictions, moral resolutions, moral purposes, determinations, endeavors, are, said this writer, literally inspired—breathed into man immediately by God; added to him as a kind of supplement to his nature, not planted in him as a part of the endowment of his nature. Society is kept in place, not by powers implanted in its constitution, but by an influx directly from above.

This author further went on to maintain that the continuance of these moral forces in the world, the constancy of their action, and the power of their working, were secured by the presence of certain divine institutions, the chief of which is the church, with its revealed doctrines, ordained priesthoods, and saving sacraments, all established by God to serve as organs of his special and exceptional influence on the world of mankind. The weakening of these, he contended, was the weakening of the moral element in society; the destruction of these was their destruction. An age of questioning, of doubt, of uneasiness, of skepticism, will and must, therefore, be an age of immorality. Such an age is this we live in. The age we live in, consequently, is a demoralized age, in which the safeguards of virtue are enfeebled and in danger of breaking down altogether.

What this writer says, arguing as a philosopher, deliberately and gravely, other people say loosely all the time: that the moral universe has no self-subsisting element; that things may get out of joint; that the moral world may fall into disorder; that moral forces may be weakened; that the moral law may be deprived of its sanction; that the balance of things may not be preserved; that evil deeds may be done with impunity, and that good deeds may be done without praise or reward. As if the safeguards of virtue rested on the moods or dispositions or characters of men, and were unsettled by their unsettling;

as if the authority of goodness was unstable and precarious, and fell in pieces or vanished away when men were foolish, faithless, forgetful, or disobedient.

Thinking this over more and more, it seemed to us one of the strangest opinions that was ever entertained. We considered, that, here we were in this world, placed in this world by the Power that appoints our lot, living in this world from birth to death: living lives of care, toil, effort, suffering, sorrow, accountability, duty, here: living with a duty to ourselves, to our neighbors, to mankind at large: with a duty to the poor, the weak, the miserable, the wicked, and all the rest; living in the midst of trial and temptation: on all hands solicited, on all hands driven and harassed; here we were, living in the world; living wholly in the world; living all over in it; every part of us called for, demanded, used, day by day; no part of us spared, no part of us released or relieved; affections appealed to—drawn upon nigh to exhaustion all the time, by social and domestic relations, by kindred, friends, humanity, craving every sort of sentimental gratification, from kindness to reverence, from compassion to charity, from simple tenderness to lofty self-sacrifice: conscience tasked to the utmost by the work it has to do—straining, groaning, fainting in the effort to discharge the ordinary duties of ordinary existence, while heroisms and martyrdoms are possible, and crying out to become actual all the time: Hope trying to pierce the blue above the clouds, and beating the gusty air with tired wing, its birdlike song dying away, drowned by the noise of the elements; Faith holding hard by things impalpable, and straining its eye for a sight of things unseen; Trust making vain endeavors to lie still beneath dark, overshadowing clouds! Here we are, and here we live, with hourly necessity laid upon us to be men and women, worthy of our place and worthy of our nature; no let up for so much as a moment to any energy of mind or heart or will; kept at work continually; every deed counted, every word reckoned, every thought weighed; discipline and duty omnipresent, inexorable; no misgiving, or weariness, or doubt, or questioning, admitted in excuse for disloyalty.

And now can we believe it possible that in such a condition of experience we should be left unprovided with motives adequate to impel us towards the duties which we must discharge? with safeguards to protect us from

destruction? with inducements to win us kindly on? with dissuasions to warn us graciously back? with prospects to make the future glorious? with prospects to make the future gloomy and terrible, if need be? Can we believe that the needful and salutary impelling, restraining, guiding, and saving forces, are so given as to be at the mercy of our caprice? are so given as to be exposed to diminution by our foolish questioning or mistrust or forgetfulness? are so given, that their efficacy is neutralized by our waywardness, and their very existence is made precarious by the movements of our thought? Can we believe that a critic has it in his power to eat out the substance of virtue's eternal sanction? that a scholar can impair the strength of the imperative persuasions of honesty? that a thinker can resolve the laws of immutable morality into cobwebs which men may walk through and brush away with their feet? Can we believe that the constitution of society, with all that makes society the firm, compact, growing, developing marvel that it is, may be disorganized by a freak of willfulness?

Why, no, indeed, we cannot. Supply of force must be as natural and constant as demand for force. Motive must be as imperishable as duty. The safeguards of virtue must be as indestructible as the obligations of virtue. If accountability is immanent and permanent, the means of keeping it must be no less so. If skepticism can stop the sources of inspiration, skepticism ought to be able to stop the sources of need. The universe would be badly balanced if it were otherwise.

And now, without further argument on this point, let us come at once to the matter of fact; let us ask what these natural safeguards are; or, rather, let us, taking their existence for granted, see them exactly as they are in their strength, their richness, and their beauty. Let us look at the persuasions and at the dissuasions; at promise and at menace; at the glories, and at the glooms as well—the lights and shadows of social law.

And first, the glories. What magnificent hopes does our ordinary existence hold out to the man who will cultivate a pure and right reason! What promise of power: over the elements of life; to make labor easy; to secure enjoyment, privilege, comfort; to diminish pain; to alleviate care; to send off disappointment and misery; to adorn existence with beauty, and enrich it with wealth!

What influence over men—to instruct, guide,

elevate, ennoble! What peace and contentment come with it! peace amid discords, contentment amid distractions! What joy—to the imagination, the fancy, the intellect! With what lovely images it crowds the mind! What delicious pictures it hangs on the walls of contemplation! In such a world of plenary glory as this is—with such mysteries waiting to be unveiled to us every moment—with such revelations waiting to be received by the honest mind, the wonder is that men do not all devote themselves to the task of polishing away from the fair mirror which reflects the world of experience all the films of folly, ignorance, stupidity, perversity, that cloud it and make it useless for its high purpose.

What wealth of happiness, again, does not life offer to him who will keep a pure and innocent heart! Difficult as the culture of the will may be, still the prize is more than worth the toil. The peace and quietude which the single-hearted know—the freedom from indifference and from anger; from envy, jealousy, and contempt; the consciousness of being at amity with all men; of having, or deserving to have, no enemies; the feeling of friendliness, warm, confiding, constant; the joy of gratitude; the still deeper joy of forgiveness; the lovely presence of charity—long suffering, kind, thinking no evil, hoping all, enduring all, believing all: making the heart ache with the joy of giving, and not with the pain of refusing: the satisfaction of feeling that you love your fellow-men—the wise and good, the pure and the gentle: the dependent, too, and the weak, the ignorant, the wretched—how affluent and how precious a reward like that! To feel, too, that others love you; that you are not an object of merited hate or scorn, or indifference, even; that kindred love you, and friends, husband, wife, children; that the good love you, the innocent, the true-hearted, the benevolent, and the high-souled; that the poor love you, and the sick, and the sorrowful: the orphaned, the persecuted, the oppressed; that men regard you as a friend—trust you—are glad to meet you—welcome an opportunity to do you a service—lay aside falsity and affectation in your presence—are proud to claim a common humanity with you: all this promise and reward, present and continuing, every simple, true, honest heart, receives as naturally and certainly as the sun receives an answering smile from flowers. It sees itself reflected in the faces of those it helps; hears itself answered in their

voices; beholds itself repeated in grateful and dutiful children—in trusting and thankful dependents. It is assured of its praise in the smile it calls up on sad countenances; in the rest that steals from it into troubled minds; in the composure of the fearful and distracted; in the recovery of such as had gone astray; in the mitigation of human resentments—the substitution of confidence and charity for suspicion and ill-will: of reconciliation for animosity: of forgiveness for revenge.

Nor are the inducements to cultivate the noblest personal virtues less strong or less engaging than the inducements to cultivate simplicity and kindness of disposition. Who that has ever known or conceived the satisfaction of a healthy frame, thinks any sacrifice great to attain it? To be well; to be free from physical disorder; to feel existence to be a boon; to be clear of brain and elastic of limb; to be able heartily to enjoy the feast of life; to have a nervous system that responds to every touch of Nature, that feels the loveliness of morning and evening, and thrills to the sweet, invisible influences that visit each delicate sense and pour their tides of joy through myriads of subtile channels into the mind; to be pure and sensitive in membrane and nerve and tissue—why, what a splendid privilege is that! What a motive is here for temperance, chastity, and high personal respect!

Nor are we compelled to look far away for the reward of manliness, in its nobler forms of personal honor and truth. For these virtues bring with them most solid and abundant gain. There is the grand conviction of personal dignity and worth; there is the sense of freedom from whatever is base and contemptible; there is the honest pride of a spotless conscience and a blameless heart—itself a heaven of happiness; there is human esteem, veneration, and love; there is the power to influence public opinion, to strengthen the bonds of righteous fellowship between man and man, to augment the sum of high principle in the community, and to support and confirm those everlasting pillars of equity by which the world is sustained. Can a man who has the privilege of entering into rewards like these,—at whatever price of self-denial purchased—by whatever sacrifice of comfort and luxury acquired—complain that there is no natural and omnipresent inducement to manliness? What inducement, then, would he have? What could supernatural grace offer more?

What could supernatural influence supply beside? If we were gods, we could ask nothing better!

We contend that excellence, in its most divine and awful shape, is abundantly motivated and amply rewarded by the powers that are inherent in the constitution of things. In following the path of duty in its roughest and thorniest state; in making sacrifice; in encountering perils for the benefit of others; in enduring hardness for a principle; in resigning friendship and reputation in a just cause, man finds the motives that encourage and sustain all along the path. Heroism is heroism's glorious meed. The consciousness that you can put aside selfish desire; that you can make best out of worst; that you can hold yourself up under trial and temptation by force of great convictions, is of itself a godlike joy—a joy which is supreme in the midst of sufferings, and could not be balanced by any amount of indulgence and repose. All who know such character, love it and revere it: suffer with it and rejoice with it; admire it; celebrate it; its memory goes down from son to son, a glory and a praise among a man's descendants; it gives a tradition of nobleness to a family, at any rate; it is a background of integrity for children and children's children; it is defense, safeguard, inspiration; it deepens the sanctions of justice; it feeds all high sentiments and purposes, and gives life to earnest endeavor. This it does for everybody; this it does everywhere and all the time; this it does naturally and as if by the constitution of things; this it does without distinction of persons—be a man Spiritualist or Materialist, Theist, Deist, or Atheist—this it does for him: and could anything do more? Could more than this be given or done in compensation for any qualities that man can imagine as being possessed by a rational being? The respect of the purest and best people: the admiration of those who admire nothing but worth: the honor of those who honor nothing but truth, comprehends all that we can conceive of wealth and privilege. Heaven promises no better than this, and this makes a heaven here on the earth; this hallows the very ground; this builds consecrated monuments, and makes cities, towns, streets, houses, caves, places of pilgrimage whither people resort for peace and consolation; this gives world-wide significance to famous men and famous deeds—makes great epochs in history: and, whether it be manifested in hum-

ble places or in places of eminence, by lowly or by distinguished people, aids in recreating humanity.

Now let us glance at the other side. It is strange enough that any should have questioned the terrible reality of the power that girds us about as with a wall of fire, and hedges us in as by lines of lances, and makes our transgressions turn on us with fiery fangs, to scare us back into Eden. It is strange enough that any should have doubted the full sufficiency of penalty—if so we will call it—that is visited on men in perfectly natural ways, by perfectly organized agencies; or that they should have deemed it necessary to supply an appendix of suffering in another world to make amends for any deficiency of it in this.

Immunity! Impunity! Why, there is no such thing; one cannot imagine such a thing. Doom follows transgression as coldness follows shade. It clings to the moment. The kind law leaves us not an instant without our friendly warning.

See with what tremendous severity even frailties are scourged. Faults, which are not mischievous enough to be crimes, nor willful enough to be sins, bring on their possessor immediate and grave penalties: batteries of cannon discharged against mosquitoes—swords of cherubim drawn against gnats! It seems sometimes as if Nature acted on the old theory, that, every sin being a sin against an infinite Being, was infinite, and merited an infinite doom. He is a brave man, who, in the face of obvious consequences, dares to cherish even a foible. Indolence is an enticing and pardonable weakness, but it entails failure and backwardness; it dooms its devotee to a place in the rear of improvement, and consigns him to the limbo of the hangers-on; it impairs at once the impulse, the desire, and the power to excel; defeats ambition, squanders faculty, destroys self-respect, and subjects one to weariness and monotony of existence—perhaps to ridicule. Procrastination is deemed a venial fault; but it is reckoned with as a heinous crime; for, in the accumulation of trouble it brings, in the mortifying sense of imbecility, in the perpetual missing of opportunity, in gradual heedlessness of duty, in the blame, the dislike, the anger, of those whom it subjects to inconvenience, and possibly to distress, and, ultimately, in the deep and hopeless regret which overwhelms the mind, in view of arrears of obligation that can never be brought up, a

penalty is imposed, sufficient, one would think, to make every man a minute man.

We need not speak of the warnings uttered against willful ignorance, in the obscure position it is compelled to take; in exclusion from the delights of knowledge and from the companionship of the intelligent; in shameful if not ruinous blunders; in frequent ignominy and tingling disgrace; in mental vacuity, *ennui*, insensibility to the merits of genius, incapacity for intellectual enjoyments, and in the torment of assaulting passions, always ready to vex the giddy brain.

We need no evidence to show that inconstancy is a very grave offense against the sanctity of natural law. The fickle can have no abiding affections. His life is a series of idle changes and fruitless experiments and vain caprices. His mind loses its continuity of thought; his purposes waver, till they cease to be purposes; aim supplants aim, desire neutralizes desire, ambition annuls ambition, in such swift succession, that he can hardly wish a thing long enough to obtain it, nor hold a thing long enough to enjoy it. Forever changing, he has no principle; forever questioning, he has no faith; forever failing, he has no contentment; and while thus enduring the curse of a dissipated existence, he must endure also the pity or the scorn of the true-hearted. Who, considering all this, will venture to say that the unstable in sentiment, conscience, or faith, go unjudged through this world? that one may with impunity be a flirt, a turn-coat, or an apostate?

Come to vices, and vices that society tolerates: What hundreds have returned, as it were, from the dead, to tell us of the hell which is prepared on earth, and within the four walls of the body, for vice like intemperance and incontinence. Great God, what voices from what gaping mouths which the demons have torn open! Who has not heard the reformed drunkard tell his tale of horrors; his days of stupor, his nights of sleepless agony, his frightful suffering when the flame burned his vitals—when every drop of blood was melted lead, and every nerve a thread of thrice-heated steel? of his hideous visions of pursuing foes, his fury-haunted dreams, and the bottomless abysses of shame into which his very soul was plunged the moment it came out of the deep of horrors. And as he tried to picture his sufferings, who has not felt that he was only telling how indescribable

they were? The drunkard's body—and the same may be said of the glutton's and the voluptuary's—is a seven-fold heated furnace, in whose heat beauty, strength, delicacy of sentiment, nobleness of soul, wither and turn to ashes, like grass in time of drought. The sensualist tells us of one hell—not with his voice, perhaps, but with his look, his countenance, his mien. There is another hell which he cannot describe, because it is too deep for him to sound himself; the hell of being a burden, a nuisance, and a curse, to those who love him most; of searing the hearts of those who would die for him; of inflicting daily crucifixion on angelic spirits—that is a perdition such as orthodoxy never described.

Are there no safeguards against knavery? Who will undertake to number them as they hedge us about? The dishonest or treacherous man loses more than he gains, and must restore to his creditors four-fold at last. He loses public esteem and confidence; he loses employment and position; crimes he never perpetrated or contemplated are laid at his door, and men simply shrug their shoulders, and say it serves him rightly. If there be anything terrible in conscious falsity of heart, in forfeiture of personal truth and honor, in shamelessness and ever-present guile: if there be anything terrible in the dread of exposure and punishment; in the conviction that none believe you save those who believe you to their ruin; in the assurance that none wish you prosperity and none pity your adversity; that your success is attributed to fraud, and your failure is pointed at as a warning: if there be anything terrible in the thought that you are classified with sharpers and tricksters, pick-pockets, swindlers, and thieves, the outcast of mankind: if in all this there be anything terrible, this, and no less than this, constitutes the natural safeguard which Nature throws around truth.

The culprit, it is true, may find temporary relief in the society of those who are perverse enough to justify him, or too timid to brand him with infamy; but the avenging law does not slumber nor sleep. Where the carcass is, there the vultures gather. The harpies that feed on corruption pounce on the corrupt; plotters, maligners, traitors, become his chosen or his destined companions: like draws to like; the good abjure, the high-minded stand aloof, the decent wax indifferent. The man lives in a region of polar ice, where respect stiffens into formalism, and affection

freezes into etiquette, and the breath that utters words of courtesy chills the moment it leaves the mouth. An atmosphere of insincerity is about him. Men puff adulation into his face and mutter contempt behind his back; coldly proffer aid when he is near—zealously undermine him when he is absent, feeling that his success is, after all, a reproach on all truth and honor, and tacitly believing that he will presently come to a shameful end. The law of heaven is the law of earth as well. The everlasting righteousness has its representative in man. The human conscience is the vicegerent of the Divine; and, with no sparing or hesitating hand does it wield the scourge of the Eternal Law. If the offender does not feel the blow, so much the worse for him; for to be insensible to suffering, is to be hopeless of cure. It is the last condemnation to be without a heart.

“In dream I saw a traitor throned; and lo!
 Beneath his throne there grew a grievous pit,
 That, yawning, slowly 'gan engulfing it.
 All trembling then, the sceptered imp cried,
 ‘Ho—
 Give help!’ An army flew, and from that
 woe
 Redeeming, set him on a marble plain.
 But see! the marble yields! Their help was
 vain:
 He sinks, and vengeful floods about him flow.
 Then up an Alp they bear him—plant him
 high,
 And boast, ‘Thy throne this granite will up-
 hold,
 And make thee king, companion of the sky,
 Mating thy splendors with the morning gold!’
 The crag’s a crater’s throat while yet they
 cry,
 And the stern Fates their lawful prey enfold.”

These natural safeguards are extended even to piety. That private and intimate possession of the soul is protected by angelic guardians, that have their place in every square foot of the earth’s surface, and close by every man’s side. No church or sacrament or altar is needed to save the sweet soul from the pollution of desecration. To have no conscious intercourse with the spirit of the Eternal; to have no boundless regions of thought or feeling to flee to—no immensity of providential care to find repose in; in seasons of calamity and affliction to be upborne by no wings of faith; in seasons of lowness to feel no wind of aspiration; to have no supreme object of gratitude for life’s numberless and unmerited gifts; no everlasting stay for the hesitating conscience; no promise of a better than temporary happiness—that *indeed is doom.*

If there be anything pitiable in a life thus devoid of aspiration, trust, celestial motive,

heavenly aim; if there be anything debased and brutal in a being thus destitute of the inner spirit of whatever is high and beautiful, and holy—then all this must be reckoned as so much tender guardianship of that delicate flower of spiritual life which men have taken so much pains artificially to preserve. This beautiful plant is not left to perish even in an unbelieving and heathen world.

Is it said now that all these safeguards prove insufficient to protect virtue from assault? that passion makes nothing of them—overleaps them—breaks through them—beats them down, and goes ravaging about the world precisely as though they were not instituted? Are we confronted with the fact that great malefactors, in all times, and in our time no less than in any—live and flourish bravely in flat defiance of all natural prohibition? Is not life crowded with evidences showing that all we can do with our whole apparatus of state and church, law and custom and usage, is insufficient to keep iniquity within bounds?

Yes—we sadly answer—yes. But we make haste to add, that these natural safeguards are, after all, the only real safeguards there are; that all others, however sacred in seeming, derive their power from these; and if passion breaks all others down, it breaks these down last. We make haste to add, also, that passion would not set these at naught, as it does, if men were educated to understand them, to appreciate their character, and to weigh their force. Passion does not break them down; it does not injure them a particle; it does not impair their power an atom. It simply is not always restrained by them: and if it is not restrained by them, it is because it does not perceive them: it does not look for them: it does not look where they are.

Break them, indeed! They are *broken* upon them! But *them*, they only illustrate and celebrate and glorify. There are no such witnesses of the power and majesty of the natural safeguards of virtue; no such preachers of their eternal grandeur; no such glorious illustrations of their omnipresence; no such exemplars of their omnipotence, as they who try to set them at naught. The greater the transgressor, the more distinguished the witness; the prouder the apostate, the more magnificent the testifier. When an archangel dashes against the throne and falls, he not

only demonstrates the immovability of the throne, but he makes the splendor of its whiteness shine down all the track of his great ruin. It is by man's tremendous but ineffectual attempts to break through them, that we have come to know how adamant in strength these natural bulwarks are; how deep their foundations, how high their towers, how long and solid their walls. The law-breakers bear the great testimony to law by a sort of inverted martyrdom.

The great enormity and sacrilege of this generation is the slaveholders' revolt against republican institutions. Never was so bold a defiance flung out to the laws of humanity and the principles that govern the well-being and peace of the social world. Never was such haughty contempt of the universal conscience, or such scornful disdain of the moral law. It succeeded more than one would believe it could; the deeps were broken up by it: it swept like a tornado through the land, and menaced with destruction every civilized institution.

But in doing this, it has only laid bare the adamant foundations of lie, and brought us all face to face with the social law. Never had the world been permitted to see such a revelation of the avenger's face as these men have madly made. They have opened an Inferno to us, and the light of the war-torch falling on the walls tells us, and tells the world, as we gaze on the horrible spectacle of devastation and woe, that the attempt to live in disregard of the law of justice, has simply eradicated a noble people's life. Morally, they seem already exterminated. Our civil war reads us a noble lesson—this: that Nature is constant; that evil always withers before it; that justice always lies safely in the hollow of its hand. It is a painful way to learn the lesson: but if men will not learn geology till after the earthquake, let them be thankful that they learn it then. And if men will not learn justice till after revolution, they will learn it then in a way not soon forgotten.

The constitution of things is always sufficient to itself. The pure and simple laws are enough. The moral world is not builded after the fashion of the middle-age cathedrals, with great parade of calculations and numbers—an army of buttresses surrounding it—enormous stays and braces—clamps of stone and iron—an everlasting scaffolding, which looks as if it had been left there by mistake, and should be taken away. It stands firm in the

simple strength of its materials, in the rigid principles of form, in the perfect proportion and adjustment of part to part: without prop or buttress or exterior support of any kind—without staff or crutch or mystic number—it stands forever and ever. Men look on and think the moral edifice will fall when deprived of its ancient bulwarks. But its strength is, after all, in its simplicity; its substantial coherence holds it together, and its walls will give shelter to mankind as long as mankind shall need a shelter.

Not Alone.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

By the mossy runnel sitting,
Singing by the mossy stone,
See the joyous Little One,
Where the bird and bee are flitting,
Seeming lone, but not alone.

Fairy people, to her fancies
O'er the twinkling water shown,
By her murmured undertone
Modulate their cheery dances,
Gladdening her, nor her alone.

Sylphides rocking in the lilies,
Nestling in the buds unblown,
Crooning with a mellow drone,
Tell the Nymph that down the rill is,
"Sister ours is she alone."

And the Naiad on the water,
Fairer than the lily, prone,
In the sparkles round her sown
Sends a laugh up to this daughter,
Seen and heard by her alone.

Something in the liquid quiver,
Something in the breezes' moan,
Something from the oak o'ergrown
With its mossy beard, can give her
Fellowship when all alone.

With a glory in the glory,
Subtle shapes to sense unknown,
Floating in a luminous zone
Round her young life's palace doorway,
Leave her never quite alone.

Seems it as an angel blessed,
Stooping from his beryl throne,
Took her small hand in his own,
And the happy child caressed,
As she sits and sings alone.

All her words are childlike simple,
And her tune goes twittering on
Just the same when words are none;
Like the clear pool's trembly dimple,
Where a pebble drops alone.

Looking up with innocent wonder
For the glory round her thrown,
Blue eyes, in hers, glimpsing down,
Shed love's lightning without thunder,
And she feels no more alone.

In thy vision, darling Minnie,
Taught to look beyond our zone,
Though he led thee to his throne,
By those dimpled fingers tiny,
I could feel, too, not alone.

The Friend of Progress.

C. M. Plumb & Co., Publishers.

NEW YORK, MAY, 1865.

The Unitarian Convention.

This grand "National" Assembly, so long anticipated, so loudly heralded, so solemnly called, has met and separated. The attendance was immense; and if that may be taken as an indication of the interest excited, that, too, was wide-spread and deep. As many as one hundred and ninety-five churches were, it is said, represented. Delegates came from St. Louis, Chicago, and other western cities. Ministers who had no churches, men of fame in the walks of literature, attended as observers of the proceedings. Men who were not clergymen, and never had been, were drawn to New York, not from curiosity merely, but from a sincere desire to watch, and, if possible, to participate in the doings of the Convention. There was Mr. Bronson Alcott, the philosopher, thinking it worth his while to act as a representative of a small religious society in Massachusetts, to which he had been speaking for a few Sundays. There was the well-known, eccentric reformer, Charles C. Burleigh, whom we never suspected of going inside of a Unitarian meeting-house, presenting his credentials as the representative of a little company of men and women who were willing to take part in the grand council. There must have been something unusual in the air when such men felt moved to attend a convention of this kind. And there was something unusual in the air.

The call had a brave sound. It announced that "the crust of ecclesiastical and theological usage, so long thickening with undisturbed possession of the surface, and which we could not puncture, has been broken up, as the ice is broken by the spring freshet;" that "men's minds and hearts are emancipated, at least for this noble hour, from the dominion of mere usage;" that "there is a longing for light, a hospitality toward truth, a willingness to hear and do and accept new things, with a courage, faith, and aptitude for large and generous enterprises." And the whole Unitarian body—both sides thereof, without limit or partiality—were invited to meet and mingle for the work in hand. It is

no wonder that every man came who could find a pretext for coming, for no such call had ever been sent out before.

We are sorry to put on record our impression that the Convention was a sad and humiliating disappointment, so far as any of the purposes above mentioned were concerned. Mr. Clarke's sermon on Tuesday evening was intended to strike the key-note of the meeting; but it did not strike it nobly. The discourse was inconsistent in substance, incoherent in arrangement, irresolute in purpose, and wild in aim. The tone of its doctrine was oddly "evangelical," the language was flavored with orthodox phraseology, and while the preacher seemed to be exceedingly liberal in his emphasis of Christian work and in his welcome to Christian workers of every name, he covertly assumed that they all, without exception, were working, each in his own fashion, with his own tools and under his own designation, to do one and the same thing that he was doing himself: namely, to "bring men to the feet of Jesus." The ground of union was not doctrine, but work; not ritual, but work. All who did the work were welcome, whether they were Deists, Theists, Rationalists, Naturalists, Supernaturalists, or Anti-Supernaturalists; only the work must be "bringing men to the feet of Jesus"—"bringing souls to Christ." We gave up the Convention after listening to the opening sermon, which pitched its tune.

For a moment on Wednesday morning our faith revived. Mr. Abbot Low, President of the Chamber of Commerce—a very singular personage to instruct a large body of divines in what they were to believe—found fault with the liberality of the sermon of the evening previous, and was anxious that the Convention should adopt a set of articles—his own creed—which was handed about, elegantly printed on fine paper. He was called to order, with many apologies, and his resolution was laid on the table. After that a long breath was drawn, and all went harmoniously for the rest of the day.

On Thursday morning the Committee of Twelve, who were appointed to report a form of organization and principles of union, made their statement. Then the trouble began. The preamble, addressing the members of the Convention as "disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ," called forth comment, which would soon have been debate between the conservatives and the radicals, if the Chair

had not ruled all discussion of the Preamble out of order, till the Constitution itself had been submitted and accepted. The Constitution was then submitted, article by article; and in the course of discussion on it, the tone of the Convention was so unequivocally declared, that, when the Preamble was taken up afterwards, it passed without material opposition. The radicals were clearly outnumbered, three to one, and remained silent rather than appear factious. That at least was the only plausible explanation of their course. The conservatives, in the meantime, took pains, it seemed, to crowd into the objectionable phrase all the theological animus it could be made to hold, and limited as narrowly as they could the scope of their sectarian name. There was no controversy, for controversy was useless. It was clear that nothing was to be gained by opposition; and though nearly all the prominent radicals were in attendance, they made no demonstration, except by voting on the resolutions. Had the conservatives known their strength earlier, they might have put and carried a moderate creed.

The Convention seemed likely to continue to the end without theological discussion—everything looked serene—when one of the Committee of Twelve—an impulsive, but liberal man, evidently pricked in his conscience by the wrong done to the liberals in the rules and phrases adopted—arose and offered a supplementary resolution, extending the sympathies of the Convention to all earnest Christian men of whatever name. This opened the door for fresh debate on the old, vexed question of orthodoxy and heterodoxy, and the pent-up feeling of the conservatives broke out with unprovoked and unaccountable vehemence. The words of the radicals—Mr. Ames and Mr. Collyer were the only ones heard—were few, simple, calm, and sweet. The words of their opponents were many, forced, violent, and bitter.

Mr. Putnam, of Brooklyn, persisted in taking up Mr. Low's previously tabled resolutions, and pressing them stubbornly on the Convention. Dr. Bellows made a wild and intemperate speech against radicalism, in the course of which he took ground violently against the "spirit of the age," denounced the modern doctrines of progress, contended for a religion, instituted and organized, and declared that he would rather, for his own part, have the orthodox theology, under any of its forms of statement, than the doctrines professed

by the so-called liberals. Dr. Bellows afterwards apologized for any harshness that he might have been guilty of in his remarks; but as there was no harshness towards individuals, but only towards the principles of his own "liberal" sect, the point of the apology was not apparent to the casual observer.

There was no reply to Dr. Bellows. The radicals were still silent—preserving their temper and their self-respect, and calmly looking on while the other side made its exhibition. Some wondered why they did not speak; but they had their own reasons, probably, for the stubborn silence they maintained. Perhaps they did not wish to aggravate the temper of the opposition by useless words. In fact, they could not have spoken had they wished, for all further discussion was precluded by the sudden introduction of the miscellaneous business, which, according to the original arrangements of the Convention, had been assigned to Friday morning. The Friday session was omitted, and the Convention was abruptly and unexpectedly dissolved on Thursday afternoon. At the Social Festival on Thursday evening the voices of the conservatives alone were heard.

This brief statement of facts calls for no comment. Whether the grand National Convention met the expectations or the desires of those who summoned it, we are unable to say. It certainly met neither the expectations nor the desires of a large number who were drawn to it. It did not keep its word of promise to the ear, and it sadly broke it to the hope. It added more sectarianism to that which already existed; it disavowed the radicalism which its letter of invitation made boast of; it repelled the men who were more competent than any others, perhaps, to do the work it proposed and marked out; it drew the liberal body back within the limits of a local denomination, and rebaptized it with an old name suggestive of dogmatism and saturated with controversial animus; and instead of the great liberal church of America, it gave us an enlarged and stereotyped edition of the American Unitarian Association.

We do not know that anybody complains of this result of the much talked-of Convention. If any do, we submit that their complaint is unfounded. The Unitarian denomination has a perfect right to do its own work in its own way. It has a perfect right to decide for itself what its work shall be, on what principles and by what means it shall be done, and who

shall be admitted to its fellowship and co-operation.

It would have been more ingenuous—at least it would have been more intelligible to the public—had they published a less ambitious programme; and it might have saved some time and trouble if the invitations had been less cordially extended to gentlemen, who, it was well understood, could not co-operate in any merely sectarian movement. It would also have been kind to treat these invited and dissenting guests with a little more courtesy and respect. This, however, was doubtless the fault of an excessive enthusiasm, which may be overlooked.

The satisfaction of getting things well defined is so great, that we cannot even regret the issue of the Convention. The liberals will be freed now from a little embarrassment, by knowing positively where they do not belong; and will be ready for more complete independence or for more cordial combinations, as may be judged expedient. Unitarianism has a very small work to do, and will probably be equal to the adequate discharge thereof. The real work of the coming time—the work of humanity—the work that demands knowledge, thought, reason, faith, and love—will be done by other men and women, and will be done better, now that so equivocal a party has withdrawn from the field.

Spirit-Love.

BY AUGUSTA COOPER KIMBALL.

'Twas a secret to all that I loved him ;
I folded it close in my heart—
In the leaves of my blossoming heart—
And it seemed to those blood-beating petals
The nourishing, life-giving part;
And I said, "There is nobody knows
What is hid in the cup of my rose—
What a drop of sweet dew
Is concealed from the view
Of all eyes, in my pulse-throbbing rose."

But I never had thought of the angels—
That they could look into my soul,
And read every page of my soul:
Their clear eyes discovered the treasure ;
The life-giving secret they stole;
Then they envied me what was so dear,
And they charmed him away who was dear ;
So the crimson heart-rose
That began to unclose
Its beauty, is blighted and sere.

But the spirit of him that I worshiped
Is stronger and kinder than they—
The angels that charmed him away—
For he comes through the star-lighted darkness,

About my lone pillow to stay:
And the moon, peering into my room,
Lighting up the mysterious gloom,
Looks frightened and pale
Through her thin silver veil,
As though she shone into a tomb.

I know not if, waking or sleeping,
My soul is enwrapped in a dream—
In a mystical vision or dream—
When the Night watches me like a mother,
And the wan stars fitfully gleam;
For there rises a shadowy host—
A wavering, shadowy host—
And they sway to and fro
Near a river's deep flow,
On the shores of a shade-haunted coast.

There is one I can tell from all others,
By the clear, tender glance of his eyes—
The mild, melting blue of his eyes—
There is no earthly tint like the color:
That only is matched by the skies;
And he wanders apart from the rest,
And he folds me so close to his breast !
Can an angel attain
The place that I gain—
That coveted pillow—his breast ?

Then he puts his lip down to my forehead,
Yet never can leave me a kiss ;
Oh could he once leave me a kiss,
The saints in the gold-streeted city
Ne'er claimed such a moment of bliss !
But he lifts up a radiant wing—
An eagerly quivering wing—
And he floats from my gaze
In a circle of rays,
Like a crystal gem set in a ring.

And I joy that the soul-reading angels
Cannot always lure him from me,
Nor hold him from coming to me ;
For when the Night sits like a mother,
And hushes the wail of the sea,
And quiets the land with her power,
Ah, that is the time and the hour
When he comes to unclose
My withered heart-rose,
And it opens a beautiful flower.

"Heaven is holy happiness. Happiness cometh from higher development. Higher development cometh from more holy aspirations and more goodly employment."

New Belief and Old Opinion :

A Critical Survey of the Beliefs and Opinions
of REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

BY EDWARD C. TOWNE.

CHAPTER VI.

The Fatherhood of God.

I.

We come now to Mr. Beecher's views of God's control and care of his offspring. His testimony here is explicit. He rarely advances any fragment of the old system. And the system as a whole, the substance of rationalized orthodoxy taught by Lyman Beecher and Dr. Taylor of New Haven, he utterly sets aside. Is he honest? We believe fully that he is, and yet it seems as though Mr. Beecher must be more than half conscious that he has wholly overturned the dogmatic citadel from which his father hurled arrows of fire at every form of this new belief. If he is conscious of this, and does not frankly confess his faith, he cannot be acquitted of very great dishonesty.

For the most part we shall give here only Mr. Beecher's positive teaching of new belief. This is the substance of all that he has advanced on the present topic. In the following Mr. Beecher is speaking of the return of a son who has run through a course of sin, and has sought his father in the misery of his ruin :

"All there is of fatherhood in your soul revives. If you have buried him in your pride, there is resurrection for him through your love. Every father takes back the son whom he can help to be a man once more, and no human creature that lives on the earth, if he will turn, sickened, from that which is evil in him, and lift up his head, and say, 'Father, have mercy! Father, help!' will ask the divine compassion and aid in vain. The shortest distance between the world and the throne above, is that between the lip of the penitent and the ear of God; and the moment a man that is sinful has a sense of his sinfulness, and wants God to help him toward righteousness, that moment he has a right to say, 'Our Father who art in heaven.'

"*There are then no orphans—there are many exiles, but no orphans—as toward God.* Every one is a son with a loving Father: a prodigal son, it may be, but a son with a Father, that, if he sees him returning afar off, is ready to run and throw himself on his neck, and kiss him, and order the best robe for him, and put a ring on his hand and sandals on his feet, and kill the fatted calf, and rejoice in the recovery of him that was lost and is found."—(719.)

No doubt the sinner loses in sin his better self. But he does not lose the care and control of God. The prodigal is destined to return. The poor wretch has in waiting a welcome such as heaven only can give; the guilty soul is driven by its woe even toward the arms of absolute forgiveness. God has provided for our worst case.

"The Fatherhood of God covers the whole range of our wants. God did not put us into this world without foresight. Human conduct has not surprised him. He knew, before he permitted the generations to breed themselves, of what material they were. Do you suppose that when God put forth this prayer for the use of men, he did not know what stuff they were, and would be, made out of? The best men that ever drew the breath of life, as measured by the infinite purity of God's law, or by the nature of God, are stained black with sin. And when the best men are sinful, *sin cannot be a reason for exclusion from right in the Fatherhood of God.*"—(719.)

"We have developed into incontestible eminence certain great ideas that are fundamental to the progress of mankind; as, for instance, the universal Fatherhood of God. The doctrine is coming to be generally received that God is the God of all the earth. . . . He is the God of the barbarous, as well as of the civilized; he is God of the poor and the ignorant, as well as of the educated and the rich; he is the God of heretics, as well as of true believers. Not that God is indifferent to moral qualities; but he is the God of the whole family of man, high and low, rich and poor, bond and free, educated and ignorant, of every name that is named on the face of the earth. *There is a relationship between every man and God, and God owns that relationship and accepts the man.* There is in this fact, that *God is the God of every member of the human family, and not of those who suppose themselves to be advanced near to God, and therefore to be his special favorites, more than I shall now stop to develop.* There is revolution in it. There is in it disturbance to the foundation of men's believing."—(706.)

II.

"*Many of the representations of the divine nature and the divine government have been such as I can scarcely conceive how men could make except in two ways: one by supposing that they made them when they were crazy, and the other by supposing that they made them when they were depraved.* There have been many representations of God's nature and government which it might almost be said to be evidence of piety and virtue to abhor and reject."—(643.)

It is easy to be crazy so far as opinions on a subject like this are concerned. It only needs that some form of fear—fear of one's own peril, fear of the opinion handed down as "once delivered to the saints," or fear of God himself, should so disturb the free action of the mind, as to leave no room for independent

conviction. The consent thus obtained is virtually due to the crushed, or crazed, state of the mind, though in all other respects there may be tolerable sanity of mental action. We may truly say that subtle insanity, reinforced by the subtle depravity of fear for ourselves, occasions in the Christian mind to this day the crazy and wicked notion that God will send souls to the devil in hell if they are found at "the judgment" "out of Christ." How this was aided by circumstances is thus stated:

"In the beginning, when men first framed notions of what God was as Governor, they framed them upon the best models they had; and these were kings—kings, too, of a period when kings were supposed to be kings *jure divino*. They took the doctrine of absolute sovereignty, which made the will of the king supreme over the will of his subjects—which made everything culminate in the king—and transferred that to God. They transferred from earthly weakness to the heavenly throne a universal tyranny. The conceptions of God in the earlier periods of theology were repulsive, because they presented him continually as a Being that summed up in himself all rights, all eminence, all glory, irrespective of his creatures. And the result has been that the world has repudiated kings almost wholly, and embraced the doctrine of the rights of every human creature. Kings are kings now by the consent of the people. Yes, *jure divino*, but *vox populi vox Dei*—by the will of God through the will of the common people. They are kings in subordination to the distinct and inexpugnable doctrine that no being on earth can govern people by the law of his own will: that the essential interests of the common people are involved in every just government. That idea has been transferred to our conceptions of the divine Ruler, and *it has revolutionized theology*. We believe that God is sovereign, and that he governs for his own glory. But what is that glory? It is not a mere bright light about a throne; it is not simply omnipotence; it is not the power to control the universe; it is not, that, being strongest, he governs—for might does not make right in heaven any more than on earth or in hell. The glory of God is his truth, his justice, his goodness. *God is a Being that carries the whole human race and all living creatures in his heart of hearts.*"—(706.)

"This does not exclude government and penalty. But it subordinates them to purposes of mercy and goodness. Love is God's royalty; justice is love's servant. Thus, in Exodus xxxiv: 6, 7, the character of God is presented—mercy and goodness, and then justice. But men reverse the order, and put government first, with pains and penalties, and mercy the alternative and secondary."—(706.)

The absolute love of God is the reason of all things, and notably of that which we call

justice. With us justice must stand merely in itself, so far as the punished offender is concerned, as the less of two evils. God in his government accepts *neither* of these evils. His perfect justice stands in absolute mercy. The final end of its penalties is redemption. Theological opinion on this subject has gone utterly wrong by reason of the fact that it has demanded, as the perfection of God's government, that it be like imperfect human government in not saving souls. Our failure is made to argue God's limitation of mercy.

III.

"Let us pass next to a consideration of the word 'Father.' What is the meaning of it? From what side does it teach us to derive our ideas of God? The Lord's Prayer—that part of Christianity which is most universally received by sects under all religions—teaches us to derive our ideas of God from what? The man who has had certain relations of authority among men? None of it. From the judge that sits upon the bench, administering not according to his own wisdom nor his own sense of justice, but according to established laws to which he must bend his own feelings, and which he is bound impartially but sternly to administer? None of it. From the king that sits upon the throne, and is the appointed head of nations? In some parts of Scripture God is proclaimed as king, and he is *king in a royal sense, in a sense higher than the subjects of earthly kings can know*; but it is not in that direction that we are to look for our types and ideas of God. And yet earthly courts, the governments which exist in this world, have been the sources, for the most part, from which the logical conceptions of the divine government have been derived. Systems of theology may be said to be almost invariably built up upon the supposition that God is Judge and Governor; and the prevalent conceptions of God that have been diffused in the world, whether right or wrong (and all of them have been more or less right, and more or less streaked with imperfection,) have been derived from the moral relations revealed to us through the instruments of humanly administered governments.

"How much was there of Christianity in the family when theology was first formed? Almost none. The government of the household was one of essential absolutism. The relation of the father to the children was one that we can scarcely understand now. It has not been until within one or two hundred years that in any government on earth the rights of man, without regard to his condition—those conclusive, generic, universal rights that belong to black and white, bond and free, high and low, noble and peasant, cultured and ignorant; those rights that men have from no charter, from no enactment of government; those rights that come with birth—it has not been until within one or two hundred years that in any government those rights have been recognized. When theology

was first taking its form, it was held that a king was king *jure divino*, and that, being king, he had a right to the life, the property, and almost the entire service of his subjects. The state was embodied in the king. Individual rights were null and void.

"Men are inclined to cling to the old absolute theology which transferred to God the rights and prerogatives that answered to those of a king when kings were sovereign; but the opinions of the world have utterly changed in respect to those elements upon which men first based their conceptions of God; and theology cannot help changing. Men say they have not the faith that they used to have. The reason is this: they are so afraid to take down the old symbolism and let men frame again their conceptions of God in ideas and language suited to the age in which we live; they are so afraid of our going into infidelity, and escaping from the hold which theology has upon us, that they insist upon maintaining the language and ideas that were adopted respecting the divine nature and government before the revolution of opinion of which I have been speaking came to pass. You might as well insist that men should wear the costume of the day of Luther, and that they should go down to battle bearing the arms that were employed in ancient warfare. To insist upon such a thing as that is to insist upon our going back to a state of semi-barbarism.

"The early theological conceptions of God, being drawn from kings and governments, gave a kind of subordinate place to that feature of his character which makes him Father. His Fatherhood was treated as secondary and incidental. There was very little domesticity, if I may so say, as applied to God, set forth in the doctrines of theology. And I call you to witness how impossible it is that it should have been otherwise in days when it was supposed that to be pure a man must live a celibate life; when marriage was thought to be incompatible with holiness; when priests were not allowed to enter into that most divine and sacred relationship, around about which, it seems to me, clusters more of the interior mystery of heaven than about any other. Now there are many relations of God to men. He is their Judge; he is their Sovereign; he is their King; but *he is also Father of every human being*. In the New Testament he is revealed first and chiefly as Father. And I declare that the family is the only institution from which you can derive a right idea of God in his primary, original, substantial, universal, unvarying character. Having conceived of him as Father, then you can add other elements drawn from kings, and governments, and laws, and systems of laws. *Theology was framed when the king was everything and the family was nothing*; and God was lifted up as absolute Sovereign. All that part of his being which is the chiefest part, was interpreted in a period when men did not believe in the household relation as anything more than a necessary evil of the human condition; and when all that burns on the altar

of love in the family, all of those marvelous interpretations of meaning which come from father to child, and all that wondrous work which the child does in the parent and the parent does in the child—*when the things which are God's appointed alphabet and literature by which we are to read him, were unknown*. But now the opinions of men have been so revolutionized with reference to the family, that in theology there is no longer anything that expresses them."—(719.)

"I do not object to the ordinary symbols of truth on the ground that they are not true, but on the ground that they are only punctuations of truth, that they are mere scattered utterances of truth, and that they do not embody the essential idea of Fatherhood, which constitutes the staple notion of God. They should be more comprehensive, in order to represent the enlarged views of men. *The modern heresy consists, not in disbelieving what has been believed, but in not believing a good deal more than has been believed*. It is not a negative heresy; it is not a heresy of nothingness; it is a heresy which arises from the determination of men's thoughts to grow.

"This prayer, then, is important as considered in its relations to the framing of the theological doctrines. The work of theology is a legitimate work; and it seems to me that the Lord's Prayer stands, so to speak, as a guide-board to point men to the heavenly Jerusalem, which theologians should heed, and from which they should understand that they *cannot take one step toward painting God, until they have recognized his Fatherhood*. Every other divine attribute is to be made subordinate to this central one of Fatherhood."—(719.)

The royalty of Deity is in absolute power to secure perfect obedience. The government of God is such, that every form and particular of what we call evil is made to work final higher good. Fatherhood consists in the paternal exercise of this government, and it must be predicated of God simply because he is God. It was not predicated of him when the popular theology was developed, simply because the doctors of the church argued from the suggestions of the world, instead of from the conceptions of the spirit—from the analogies of groveling observation of men, rather than the analogies of soaring faith in the perfect Deity.

Mr. Milman, the excellent historian of Christianity, ascribes to Augustine "that total change in human opinion which was to influence the Christianity of the remotest ages." Now this Augustine spent his early youth in the brothels of Carthage, and ardently devoted his early manhood to a speculative reconciliation of Paganism and Christianity. When he was converted to a purer personal

faith in the Father whom Christ preached, he dismissed the woman who had been as his wife, and whom his pious mother wished him to honorably marry, from the feeling on his part that a celibate life was essential to purity. What could a man know of fatherhood whose strictest fidelity to the most sacred of relations had been in an illicit connection, and whose only son was born in the early period of his unbridled profligacy? To such a man the Father must be lost in the Judge of the sinner; and thus the personal conscience of the founder of so-called "Christian Theology" precluded the possibility of a true idea of the relation of God to man. With this suggestion in his own experience, it was inevitable that he should employ the analogies of human treatment of wrong-doers, in conceiving of God's treatment of man.

The following statement by Mr. Maine, in his learned "History of Ancient Law," a work of unquestioned authority, will be in place here. He says: "Almost everybody who has knowledge enough of Roman law to appreciate the Roman penal system, the Roman theory of the obligations established by contract or Delict, the Roman view of debts and of the modes of incurring, extinguishing, and transmitting them, the Roman notion of the continuance of individual existence by universal succession, may be trusted to say whence arose the frame of mind to which the problems of Western Theology proved so congenial, whence came the phraseology in which these problems were stated, and whence the description of reasoning employed in their solution."—(p. 358.)

"As soon as the western provinces ceased to sit at the feet of the Greeks, and began to ponder out a theology of their own, the theology proved to be permeated with forensic ideas and couched in a forensic phraseology. It is certain that this substratum of law in Western Theology lies exceedingly deep. A new set of Greek theories, the Aristotelian philosophy, made their way afterwards into the West, and almost entirely buried its indigenous doctrines. But when at the Reformation it partially shook itself free from their influence, it instantly supplied their place with law."—(p. 364.)

This intrusion of legal ideas into theology cannot be questioned. Particular dogmas bear the unmistakable stamp of their legal origin. But more decidedly still may we affirm that the general notion of God's rela-

tion to men has been given in observation of human law, and that from this source has been derived a false and mischievous conception of the ways of God with his offspring. The parentage of the popular theology was very low. Augustine lived in the midst of a "semi-barbarism" which the Christian mind has outgrown. Theology has passed through a revolution, and we can no longer be expected to assent to opinions which we must trace to the great moral and intellectual limitations of their author. It seems right to know what men will think of God, whose inspiration does not mingle with recollections of personal degradation, whose conceptions are not put wrong by long and passionate abuse of the most sacred relations, and whose speculations do not come from the inflexible mold of a system of human law in no particular adequate to represent the divine law. And it is necessary to consider in all thought of God, that whatever else he may be, he is the absolute Father of every soul. "*Every other divine attribute is to be made subordinate to this central one of Fatherhood.*" The attempts still made to maintain by reason the old opinion of the government of God, all assume that Fatherhood in God is not to go beyond sovereignty as illustrated in human law. The strange opinion that God is not permitted in justice to use parental moral power effectively, unless the occasion for it be reduced by some particular penitence and plea, is still held and upheld. "A governmental necessity" is said to restrain the Father of souls. God can properly show his love of right and hatred of wrong only by the *unredemptive* infliction of penalty. Was there ever a grosser perversion of the truth? Let Mr. Beecher answer.

"*To heal sin evinces hatred of evil even more than a summary punishment of it.* Consider the patience, the self-sacrifice, which is required to win men from evil habits and from wicked dispositions. Now we measure our moral likes or dislikes by what they lead us to undergo. How much we love, we can tell by how much we will bear for our affections: how much we dislike, by what effort we are willing to put forth to resist or avoid what is offensive to us. Consider a teacher who shall avenge himself of a pupil's disobedience by punishing, or by summarily excluding that pupil. How cheap is such riddance of mischief from his school! How is all summed up in one outburst of feeling! It is very painful and disagreeable, but it is short. But suppose that, instead of resorting to expulsion, with its disgrace, the teacher shall

enter into the sympathy of the pupil by gentleness, by winning kindness, by forbearance, by devoting his very life to him, and shall set him upon reformation, and wait for him to reform, and endure while he is reforming. How much more does he, by such a course of conduct as this, evince his dislike of evil, than by merely excluding the pupil! What we will bear for the sake of getting rid of evil, measures how much we dislike it."

"A disposition to heal sin is the clearest possible expositor of moral rectitude. Men do not always see it to be so. It is a part of our lower thinking to believe that a thunderous exhibition, with a display of wrath and punitive judgment, is a more solemn and conclusive manifestation of the divine abhorrence of sin. But an abhorrence of sin is more illustriously marked by gentleness and patience in healing it, than by any display of justice in punishing it. It more easily enters into the human mind that a being, having established laws, should judge the transgressor by those laws, and punish him, than that he should appeal to the moral sentiments of the transgressor, and endeavor to heal him without punishing him, and wait for him to become healed. But when once this latter conception has entered the heart, nothing can displace it, or equal it, or be its parallel. He that once conceives of the God that presides over the universe and keeps all its elements intact and unharmed, as a God that makes himself the medicine for those that are led away from purity, and becomes himself the savior of sinners—he that once does this has a conception of rectitude in God, and of the divine hatred of evil, such as he can get in no other way.

"A disposition to heal sin does not take away from sin any of its dangers. It removes no barriers and yields no encouragements."

"The care and the kindness of a parent in restoring a son from downfall is never a reason with a grateful son for falling again. And the grace of God in Christ Jesus, that bears with sin, not because it is to be allowed, but because, being hateful, God addresses the whole energy of his being and administration to the rescue of men from it—this does not take away anything from the fear of sin, nor furnish motives to transgression.

"On the part of those who are healed, a disposition to heal sin produces a generous repentance, which grows out of the nobler sentiments of the mind, and which is therefore a true repentance—one that does not need to be repented of. It is no longer fear of consequences, nor even self-condemnation or conscience, that inspires reformation; it is an action of gratitude; a work of love. It brings all the generous part of a man's mind to combat evil when he finds that he is in the hands of a God that is forbearing, and that is holding back penalty, and working by the power of his nature for the reestablishment of moral health in the heart and mind of the patient.

"Such a disposition presents the divine character in a light which tends to universal

admiration and universal confidence. It takes nothing away from the essential authority and monarchy of God; but it brings God into vital sympathetic relations to his creatures."—(764.)

It is indeed a very low thought that God shows his hatred of sin by the miserable device of the lake of fire, the devil and his angels, and a day of final damnation whereon he will send away with his curse every one "out of Christ." Speculation can carry a base method no further than in this groveling conception of the ways of God in the government of souls. Punishment which fails to cure sin must be considered lamentably inadequate; punishment which does not aim at this implies a ruler morally unfit for government; and that which distinctly consists in delivering the soul into a state of absolute removal from the possibility of moral help, can only render its author detestable in the eyes of all who love good. The dogmatic interpretation of the parable of "the judgment" introduces into the heart of Christian theology the paganism of the East debased by the worst feeling of the Jew. It makes the devil more than devilish, and God worse than the devil. If we are to hold to any reality in the Godhead of the Father of souls, we must believe that he "addresses the whole energy of his being and administration to the rescue of men from sin." In being for all souls God with us, keeping for the highest attainment the meanest son not less than the mighty Christ, God shows, in the only adequate way, his absolute love of perfect good. By the popular notion God is made to show only a certain crude hatred of sinners instead of a wise and discriminating hatred of sin. It forbids the remedial justice of divinity its natural and necessary process of redemption, with no better than the vulgar reason that the noise and horror of a damnation day will manifest God's feelings more adequately than a process which leaves nobody to operate fearfully upon and nobody to frighten. God can with noiseless demonstration produce obedience and blessedness in every creature, so great must be the efficacy of the infinite spiritual force of that Being in which we have our being; and yet those tinkers in divinity, the "masters (!) of New England Theology," will have it that the better way, if not the only good way, is to forbear the saving grace and enact the drama of wrath and torment. And as to the effect of grace when taught to sinners, Mr. Beeche

truly says that it produces the noblest obedience, the most generous repentance. Virtue becomes instinct with divinity only when its inspiration is in him who is absolute goodness to the least of his creatures. The full sense of the perfect Fatherhood of God is essential to the purest and most lively righteousness in man. The authority of law forces the soul to accept the path of rectitude, but only a melting sense of the beneficence of God in all his laws makes that path the way of heaven. Only those who make virtue to consist in a more or less selfish attempt to escape hell, need think virtue imperiled by the revelation of God's saving power in the soul. As this saving power will reveal itself, bringing blessedness of character and condition, we may remorselessly leave these trembling friends of virtue to the awful shock of finding that hell was a fiction and the devil a myth.

IV.

Mr. Beecher adopts, in the following, Theodore Parker's conception of the Mother and Father God:

"I recollect that once, when I was a little boy three years old (I can remember as far back as then,) while walking through an entry in my father's house, I saw that I was alone, and uttered a shout of terror which instantly brought my mother to my side.

"Whenever you find yourself alone, call for your mother—your Mother God and Father God."—(677.)

The absolute nature of the love of God is set forth in the following passages:

"In every part of the New Testament, the distinction between this disinterested love, springing from the goodness of the divine nature, and a love which is excited and developed by moral quality in the object of it, are discriminated and kept apart. It is taught abundantly that God's nature is such, that he overflows with love from a divine fullness and richness of heart; and that, *out of this fullness and richness, without regard to the quality of man's being, there is a form of love developed from God toward him.*"—(618.)

"God's love is not, as too often ours is, the collateral and incidental element of his life and being. It is his abiding state. All time and all eternity are filled with it. All plans are conceived and aimed by it. All histories and all administrations are bathed and carried forward in it. All triumphs are to end in it; while *all that cannot be made to harmonize and blend and cooperate with it, shall be utterly swept away.*"—(618.)

"And God's whole nature, God's eternal purpose, and God's everlasting example, are working in one direction. God governs, and *all laws, and the whole of nature, are made to work*

with him, and to tend in one way—in that way in which truth and love and purity are becoming omnipotent. It is God's life and example and purpose, that make it certain that this great kingdom shall go onward, and that victoriously, to the end."—(732.)

"Our hope and safety do not stand in the fact that we are good, but in the fact that God has undertaken to take care of us and save us."

"What do you do when a loved one does wrong? Do you sit in judgment on him, and cut him off from your affections? On the contrary, does not your heart go out after him all the more? One whom you soundly and deeply love, you love in spite of his faults."

"Of all other applications of this inquiry, none is more transcendent than this: Does the divine nature imply spontaneous and universal love? Upon this subject Scripture is emphatic. It affirms it not only directly, but by negation. That is to say, it declares emphatically that those things that are supposed to be known of divine love are not so, and that, on the other hand, God's love is a gift. Great wisdom may be required to state this, so that men shall not take advantage of it; *more wisdom is required to so state it as not to obscure the clarity and magnificence of the moral view which inheres in this idea of the central nature of God.*"

"Love is God's nature. Not that no other feeling exists in him; not that justice and abhorrence of evil are not coordinated with it; not that these do not take part in the divine administration among men; but that *the central and peculiarly divine element is love, in which all other feelings live, under which they all act, to which they are servants, and for which they are messengers and helpers.*"

"The passage selected is one that marks this truth. The love which God has for us did not, does not, spring from moral excellence in us; and still less do its depth and breadth answer to the loveableness of our dispositions. No man can ponder for a moment the facts in our case, without being obliged to say that God loves men, not so much from the adaptation of human nature and disposition to produce love, as from a divine nature that overflows from the necessity of its own richness and fullness. The reasons must needs be in God, and not in us."—(618.)

"So shall my word be that goeth out of my mouth: and it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

"It is the continuity, the certain preservation, and the final efficiency, of every moral influence for good that issues from the lips or mind of God, that is here taught, and guarded against skepticism. We, divinely instructed, borrow these same influences from God, who broods over us. And as *there shall not be one single influence for good let forth from the mind of God that shall dare to report itself an empty-handed servant; as*

every such influence shall do the errand whereto it is sent; so likewise every single influence for good that we borrow from God, in the lowest as well as the highest spheres, shall not return unto us void. Like the rain, it may be hidden; like the snow, it may dissolve out of our sight; but it shall not fail to accomplish its legitimate result."—(576.)

"The testimony of Scripture and reverent love is this: that God, having made the earth, takes care of it, as the mother in the nursery and the father at the head of the board in the household take care of their children; that he is the Father as well as the Creator, the Ruler as well as the Framers of the world."—(625.)

"I remark, then, positively, that God is supreme. He is the absolute Ruler of the earth and of men. In the wildest confusions below, he is serene above. This has been the poetry of every mythical age. It is the religious faith of Christianity. There are a great many persons who suppose that God is the creator of the world in the same sense in which the man that made my watch is the constructor of it. He made it, and shoved it out of his shop, and got the money for it, and did not care any more about it. He says, 'Now if you want it to run and keep time, you must wind it up. I am making other watches, and cannot any longer attend to it. I have given it all the elements of a good time-keeper, and you must keep it in order, and see that it has proper attention.' Many people seem to think that God made the world in this same way."

Evidently we need but comprehend the aims of love and the force of divine law, to be convinced that God's existence secures universal human redemption.

V.

"We have the same substantial world-history. In details we differ endlessly, one from another; but in a large view we are identic. We have been put for some purpose into this world. We have our trials, joys, pains, gladnesses, troubles, prosperities; but *in them all we are gathered under the hand of a common Father for discipline, for education, for completion.* We are sent to school together. A grand old school-house has been this round, rolling world—a school-house of many teachers, quick and severe, with scowls on their brow, and with ferules in their hand, with which they chastise the delinquents. Time and the events of life are schoolmasters under God to the race. All men are here for a schooling purpose; and we are all united in that purpose. *The same destiny unites us all.* We are pushing toward the same great future. Whatever may be your belief, the truth is the same; and whatever may be your experience, the goal is the same. We are all of us merely developing spirit in matter, or out of matter. *We are gaining that victory which God means the immortal shall gain over the mortal, the transient, the perishing.*

We are producing from these roots, these stems—our bodies—blossoms and fruits which God shall be willing to pick, that he may show them again in another life. *It is the same with all. Every man is just like every other man in these respects.*"—(589.)

The following is a further affirmation of God's incessant, eternal effort to give his own aims the victory in every individual, and in all societies of men, so that in the end all shall be made perfect through the triumph of the struggling good:

"There is an everlasting tendency in favor of moral excellence in this world. It may be hindered, it may be arrested, it may be restricted; but there is forever a struggle toward the right in the individual, and still more in collected societies. *There is a God that is the author of the forces of life who is sending forth his soul with divine pulsations of influence evermore on the side of good.* There is a divine Providence that works and waits, and works and waits; that never is in haste, and never is at leisure; and that forever builds. *Though the foundations may not yet be brought up into human sight, they are being laid, never to be taken down or shaken.* There is a grace in this world that God has ordained, that God supervises, and that God shall crown with victory, which is in favor of simple rectitude."—(708.)

It certainly cannot be argued, from the general state of things on earth, nor from the experience of particular individuals, that man is not on the high road to eternal welfare. Mr. Beecher refers to the matter again as follows:

"The apparent triumph of evil in this world is no presumption of its permanence or its success. Provision is made for that very thing in the constitution of the world. It was to grow and have a brief power."—(708.)

The world was made as it is on purpose. God seems to have regarded just such experiences as this world is calculated to give, as essential to the highest welfare of his creatures. And those men who are the most morally developed in this world, have been most effectually handled; while those who are the least morally developed in this world, have been least acted upon."—(566.)

"*The very idea of this life is that it is a place in which to prepare men for perfectness in a life to come.* Perfectness in the individual, still less perfectness in society, is no part, apparently, of the divine economy of this world. The Great Artificer, we may hope, discerns, in the conflict of passions, in the rudeness of violence, in the attritions and raspings of men; in hope, in despair, in love, in hate; in joy, in sorrow; in yearnings, in disappointments; in sufferings, in victories—but so many influences, which, *working slowly, with seeming disconnec-*

tion, and without obvious results here, are, nevertheless, shaping innumerable souls, to revolve in eternal harmony and regularity that sphere above all misrule, above all rudeness and imperfection, where God's heart beats time for the universe, and every living creature throbs sympathetic."—(610.)

Of what use and by what reason is that faith which argues from the first glimpses of the course of man, under the eternal government of God, that we are in full career to the pit? The infidelity of the popular theology in its argument of human doom to endless woe, from the sin and shame of mortal experience, is not surpassed by any of the vagaries of pagan doubt. Men could not continue in this infidelity did not their prophets prophesy "lies for God" out of the catechisms. The noise of the loud talkers, who make it their business to perpetuate the assent of mankind to the old opinions, of which circumstances have made them the unthinking defenders, drowns for the time the Spirit's word, by which otherwise all believing men would be taught the truth of God.

VI.

Mr. Beecher's teaching in the following is explicit:

"To suppose that the vast stream of being that sets into this world, that rolls immeasurable through it, and that passes out of it into the great land of our ignorance, and so to the land of darkness; to suppose that this vast stream of being, bearing immortality, bearing a nature like our own, with reason and with moral sentiments, though undeveloped, or but rudely developed in them, and having the same susceptibility to eternal pleasure or pain which inheres in us, are outside of the pale of divine thought, and care, and providence, and culture—to suppose such a thing as this, to suppose the economy of God to have in it such a feature as this, would make atheism almost a virtue!"

"Do you suppose there is no God that takes cognizance of the birth and death of every human creature? Where there is a soul, is there not the shadow of God's love under which it rests? and is there not infinite sympathy and compassion toward it, though we cannot tell whence it comes, or whither it goes, or what are its metes and bounds? Is there not the great truth, that the field is the world, that God is universal Father, and that the races are God's children?"—(619.)

"In the first place, look upon the radical idea of human society upon earth, as of a child-race to be developed and brought forward. Even leaving out the question of moral desert, consider what the work undertaken is, of the divine Being, to rear up through thousands of years, in long succession, a race that begins, in all its conditions,

at nothing, as it were, and feels and finds its way up, little by little, through experience to manhood in the individual, and that carries on with it, at the same time, a development of nations and of peoples from barbarism, or that which is next akin to it, clear up through civilization, to the highest degree of human capacity. Consider that the elevation of mankind to that point is the work which God has purposely undertaken.

"The divine government is not a government that has a notion already furnished: it is the government of a Being that essays, through thousands of continuous years, to go on in a circle of perpetual education and development. Parents educate their children from infancy, but after a time the child takes care of itself, and their labor ceases. God, the eternal Father, is forever in the nursery, and forever at the cradle; and his work never ends. He has purposed to himself the task of rearing up a race, which will require him to bear them in perpetual patience and long suffering."—(717.)

"The apostle's teaching, in its simplest terms, is this: Men in the present life are, as it respects the mind, not yet fully developed. They are imperfect and partial by the very creative idea and ordinance. But beyond this life man is to become more than it is possible that he should become here. To the earthly state he applies the descriptive term *partial* or *in part*, as it is translated. To the state hereafter, and to man in that state, and in that state only, he applies the term *perfect*. 'When that which is perfect is come'—or, as we should say, When we shall have come to that which is perfect—then that which is in part shall be done away—then man shall be perfected."—(734.)

"But the work of God is not consummated in this life. There is abundant room to stand over unaccomplished purposes, and say, 'Oh my soul, wait thou for God!' *There is a work that must be accomplished in every one of us which transcends everything we can think or plan*—a work that must be accomplished by the power of the Holy Ghost upon the soul: and when we have done all in our power, we may wait for that."—(566.)

"This, then, is the system which I suppose exists in this world—a world created of God on purpose to bring up children; not children that have had a chance before, but children whose development begins on the earth. What a world that must be from which those that we have come, if they have had one summer's growth before coming here! What a microscopic condition they must have been in there! . . . I think that the world is not a schoolhouse for men fully developed, and working back to an ideal state from which they have fallen, but a schoolhouse for men born at nothing, and beginning at that seed-form to work their way up to a higher state, which is to be wrought out, by the grace of God, through the cooperation of our spirits with his.—(685.)

"That which schools of art have been trying to do with the outside of man, *God, in a sublimer way, is attempting to do with the interior of man.*"

"One would suppose, to hear and read the exhortations of some religious teachers, that the sovereign idea of Christianity was that of taking men out of certain perils and dangers, and putting them into a place where they would not be imperiled nor endangered. According to some men's teachings, this world is like a sinking ship, and Christianity like a wrecker's boat that ventures out to gather just as many as it can from the reeling hull, before it settles, and so take them in safety to the shore, while those that cannot be got off go down and are lost.

"Now no doubt Christianity seeks to save men. You cannot too much magnify its intent in this respect; but you can make that a partial and exclusive feature. Christianity is not only a saving, but an educating system. It has a *world-history* to work out. It has a race to develop and perfect."—(641.)

"Is not God better than times and seasons, that move ignorantly in vast circuits? and yet do not times and seasons clothe us, and nourish us, and minister unto us? Is the great sentient One—the ever-living, the vast and ocean-hearted God—the eternal Jehovah—is he less pitiful than the heavens, the sun, the stars, the earth, or the seasons?"

Oh! there is nothing but God in the universe. All these other things are but his feeble ministers and recipients, in the heavens and on the earth. In the growing leaf, in the blossom, in all fruits, in the streams, in the things that come to us on every side from the vast treasure-house of Nature, we have but so many means by which God speaks to us. His voice comes to us, night and day, saying to us, 'Ye are mine, and I am yours. My everlasting strength is underneath you. Trust me and love me, and I will bear you up, and you shall be saved.'—(583.)

We omit a passage in which Mr. Beecher portrays the natural fear and doubt of one who looks on the appearance of the world of men. But why dwell on that which is the experience of weakness in us? Faith is our exercise of strength. Doubt and fear are enemies. They are born liars. Morality is folly unless faith be virtue. A man must hold and uphold the truth of good in all, not as declaring evil good—the base method of the charlatan in moral and divine matters—but as believing that God, over and through evil, works the consummation of good in every instance of his creation. Let us not think of the infinite Father as one who does but little well, but consider his perfect purpose, and the power with which he must execute every work of his hands. He has of set and fixed purpose undertaken to carry a race, from such

beginning as we find in a world of sin and woe, on to perfect holiness and blessedness. It becomes us to believe that he will accomplish this without loss. The vast administration involved, the state in which it has us at the first, and the inscrutable process of saving care and culture, do not demand our immediate comprehension. They certainly do not permit hasty wrong comprehension; and that comprehension must be wrong which implies that anything can go wrong in God's administration of the care and cure of souls.

VII.

"*God's love does not depend upon our character, but upon his own.*"—(618.)

"*It is the blessed mission of love to go forth blotting out the existence and memory of evil. And since God is love, it is his nature not to stand thundering and punishing—though there is justice and punishment for the incorrigible and sinful—but to forgive.*"

"The very idea of God in his infinity, is infinite care, infinite kindness, infinite goodness. *All creatures are good sometimes. There is not a man so bad, that there is not some excellence in him, some spot in which he has amiable intentions.* Many men are good a great deal of their time; very few men are good incessantly."

"*Our radical conception of the Divine Being is that of infinite mercy, infinite kindness, infinite love—paternity, embracing by the very, shall I say structure of his being? by the very necessity of his being—embracing all his creatures in infinite tenderness and kindness.*"—(612.)

"*Ten thousand things in this world seem to be working toward destruction, and to have in them elements of destruction; nevertheless, in the great system by which things are wrought out, it shall be found that there is a universal tendency onward and upward.* It is delayed apparently; apparently it is intermitted; influences seem continually to be running counter to it; and yet, in reality, there is a divine intent of providence that is working up from the bottom toward the top, in all things in heaven and on earth, and in grace and nature."

"We hold that this providence is hidden in proportion as men live for the visible and material, and is revealed in proportion as men live for the invisible and spiritual. God overrules all things in that order. We may be sure of it. Even when we labor the other way; when we pray downward; when, having mistaken our way, we work against our own real and highest interest—even then there is a providence of love and care. And the affairs of the world, of nations, of families, and of individuals, are supervised by a God of wisdom and a God of love that is endeavoring to push all things upward. Such is the tendency; and we hold that the Amazon does not roll with a more uniform and steadfast current toward the ocean, than does this divine purpose toward higher good."

"The first, and the highest form of truth, then, is that God is the Father and the universal Governor, and that in his own personal character, attributes and dispositions, he is

a God of righteousness—that is, a God of justice, of purity, of love, of truth, of mercy, and of goodness. These are in him infinite. They lie back of his creative power, and infuse themselves into it, so that the royalty of the divine intelligence, the divine wisdom, and the divine power, in the work of creation, are employed for purposes of justice, purity, love, truth, mercy and goodness. It is his nature to so employ them. He is the animating center of the universe; and so righteousness is the seed, the point, from which all things are growing. *The full force of the divine life is flowing out and going forth, and has been from the beginning, and shall be to the end, through the vast domain of God in heaven, on earth, and everywhere, for the establishment of righteousness—the highest moral element in the individual, in the household, in societies, in the race, among all creatures and peoples.*—(653.)

Who can doubt, then, that at the last righteousness will triumph in every soul, and all moral creatures be made perfect in goodness? In regard to this Mr. Beecher speaks further as follows:

“Perfectness of being is God’s idea. All these other things spring from that. The development of perfectness of being is the thing that God thinks of, and aims toward. *He seeks to rear and train men into such fullness and harmony and power, that they shall represent, each severally in his own sphere, Divinity.*

“The words of our context are very emphatic: ‘Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.’”

“*The divine influence is to penetrate every part of the soul, to the very root. It is not a mere gilding of the surface of any or every part. It is not light and warmth superficially exerted. It is an energetic, penetrating power, that goes down to the very marrow, piercing to the secret and source of life.*”

“This Christian estate is not, like some rare and excessive exertion, to be transient. It is a permanent state. When once we touch it, we are never to depart from it. *The mind is to rise into this high divine character, as into its own true nature.*”

“*God is universal Father. Heaven is universal Home. Men are the great realm of God’s children. Time and the world are the nursery and schoolhouse. God prepares to rear, develop, educate, and establish in all nobility of goodness, in all sweetness of purity, in all beauty of justice, in all grandeur of power, those children that are to be his household companions for evermore. He in us is preparing company for himself. Where he is, there also we are to be. And the work to be done for himself in us is therefore no fragmentary, superficial work, but perfect, enduring, glorious.*”—(617.)

“Where heavenly life or individual enjoyment thereof commences, there is a barrier beyond which none of man’s perversion can pass.”

Seeing the Invisible.

BY PHCEBE CARY.

When the way we should tread runs evenly on,
And light as the noonday is over it all,
’Tis strange how our feet will turn aside
To the paths where we needs must grope and fall:

How we suffer, knowing it all the while,
Some phantom between ourselves and the light,
That shuts in disastrous, strange eclipse,
The very powers of sense and sight.

Yet we live so, all of us, I think,
Hiding whatever of truth we choose,
And deceiving ourselves with a subtlety
That never a soul but our own could use.

We see the love in another’s eyes,
Where our own, reflected, is backward sent;
Or we hear a tone, that is not in a tone,
And find a meaning that is not meant.

We put our faith in the help of those
Who never have been a help at all;
And lean on an object that all the while
We know we are holding back from its fall!

When words seem thoughtless, or deeds unkind,
We are soothed with the kind intent, instead;
And we say of the absent, silent one:
He is faithful—but he is sick, or dead!

We have loved some dear, familiar step,
That once in its fall was firm and clear;
And that household music’s sweetest sound
Came fainter every day to our ear:

And then we have talked of the far-away—
Of the springs to come and the years to be,
When the rose should bloom in our dear one’s cheek,
And her feet should tread in the meadows, free!

We have turned from death, to speak of life,
When we knew that earthly hope was past—
Yet thinking that, somehow, God would work
A miracle for us, to the last.

We have seen the bed of a cherished friend
Pushed daily nearer and nearer, till
It stood at the very edge of the grave,
And we looked across and beyond it, still:

Ay, more than this—we have come and gazed
Down where that dear one’s mortal part
Was lowered forever away from our sight;
And we did not die of a broken heart.

Are we blind! nay, we know that the world unknown
Is all we would make the present seem;
That our Father keep, till his own good time,
The things we dream of, and more than we dream.

For we shall not sleep; but we shall be changed;
And when that change at the last is made,
We shall bring realities face to face
With our souls, and we shall not be afraid!

Children and their Friends.

Fragments.

BY A. J. DAVIS.

AN IDEA OF THE HUMAN MIND.

A child is the repository of infinite possibilities.

Enfolded in the human infant is the beautiful "image" of an imperishable and perfect being.

In the baby constitution we recognize the holy plans of Divine Goodness—the immortal impartations of Divine Wisdom—the image and likeness of the Supreme Spirit—the possibilities of the greatest manhood, womanhood, or angelhood. The human mind is the most richly endowed. Its sphere of influence and action is the broadest. It is empowered to hold dominion over time, events, things, and circumstances. It draws its life unceasingly from the divine life of Nature. It feeds on the phenomena of truth. It aspires intuitively after perfection. It rises to the sphere of individuality and freedom. And it includes all the laws and conditions of growth, variety, genius, renewal, progress, and completeness.

"Man is the measure of all things," said Protagoras, one of the Greek sophists; "and, as men differ, there can be no absolute truth." "Man is the measure of all things," replied Socrates, the true philosopher; "but descend deeper into his personality, and you will find that underneath all varieties there is a ground of *steady truth*. Men differ, but men also agree: they differ as to what is fleeting; they agree as to what is eternal. Difference is the region of opinion; Agreement is the region of Truth: let us endeavor to penetrate that region."

AN IDEA OF TRUE EDUCATION.

Harmonial spirit-culture is the noblest work of the sciences.

Man, at first a frail and helpless being, waits and yearns for the revelation of inherent possessions. The wailing and pleading infant, a loving and confiding creature of sympathy and imitation, is bound to the Spirit of Nature by ties that cannot be severed.

The divine image is *within*. It is the end of true education to develop that image, and so truly, too, that the child's individuality

and constitutional type of mind shall not be impaired, but rather revealed in its own fullness and personal perfection. "Be ye perfect even as the Father in heaven is perfect," is an injunction of sublimest import. Every faculty and every function of the individual is amenable to that heavenly principle. Everything has "a glory of *its own*." The highest aim of education is to reveal the life and the *form* of that individual perfection which Divine Wisdom has implanted in the human spirit.

Different minds demand different methods. The same questions do not arrest and unfold the intuitions of dissimilar persons. For this reason it is impossible for one teacher to quicken and instruct every type of character. Parents seldom find the true avenues of approach to the inner life of their different children; and thus, often, the young at home grow restless and discordant, and fail to vindicate the divinity of their natures, inherited from the infinite fountain of all Goodness.

THE TEACHER'S TRUE STARTING-POINT.

The spirit of a child is free and undefiled. The God-code of everlasting truth is written in its attributes and intuitions. Whatever its parentage or nativity, and however much its nature may be warped, twisted, and embittered by circumstances in early years, the young immortal spirit is pure and spotless as is the heart of an angel. From this point we start—affirming the interior purity of the child's spirit, and denying that the infant nature inclines to everything that is evil and wicked. Theology teaches that "the little foibles and peevish freaks of the infant are early workings and manifestations of corrupt and depraved human nature." And further, the creed teaches that a supernatural "Grace is necessary to convict, convert, renovate, and sanctify a person, so that he may enjoy the heavenly kingdom of Christ."

Our starting-point is radiant with the gospel of "good news:" that the life of a child is a pure stream—flowing unceasingly from the God-fountain of infinite perfection; that the human soul is the product of an infinitely wise and good Father; and that there is in every nature, however depraved in condition and manifestation, an immortal spark of holiness, a pure principle of self-redemptiveness, from which the perfect image and state of angelhood may be unfolded.

The intrinsic goodness of the infant spirit is the basis of the celestial superstructure we labor to erect.

The government of Father-God through the love-spirit of Mother-Nature, is one and universal. The heavenly government, although varied in its forms and adaptations in the different spheres and societies according to the varied condition of the countless inhabitants, is purely and simply one of universal LOVE and WISDOM. The *life* of everything is Love; but the *form* thereof, the shape in which that love appears, is determined by Wisdom. The impulse to look up toward heaven is as natural as the beating of the heart; and it is equally natural to feel and acknowledge dependence upon the eternal Soul of things. Children first learn this lesson at home in the tender ties of love that bind them to father and mother; and subsequently the lesson is enforced by every relation of life and society. To teach in accordance with the Divine Government, is our aim and plan.

The Kinder-Garten.

NUMBER FOUR.

Movement plays, including musical gymnastic exercises, are an important feature of Froebel's system of education. Their proper place in the programme of daily occupations at the Kinder-Garten, is immediately after the industrial plays; because the mental powers of the children have been called into full action during the time appropriated for the play occupations; and during three quarters of an hour the little ones have occupied a sitting posture, after which they require active bodily exercise.

In the selection and use of gymnastic exercises for children—especially the very young—it is necessary to use much care and judgment. A child is naturally active, and in its voluntary play finds perpetual exercise for the muscles. It is desirable, therefore, to introduce into the Kinder-Garten, plays and musical exercises which shall simply regulate the *natural activities* of childhood. It is well known that music serves to unite spiritual, mental, and physical exercise; therefore this becomes a necessary part of the Kinder-Garten movement plays.

It is our custom to appropriate fifteen minutes, between 11.30 and 11.45 A. M. daily, to in-door exercises during the winter season, in

the larger of the two rooms appropriated to the Kinder-Garten in West Newton; the room is large and airy, is well warmed and ventilated; all of which are important requisites; the time chosen is midway between the morning and noon meal; fifteen minutes is a sufficient length of time to devote in such manner, as it is not well to produce weariness.

The free exercises are selected from among Dr. Dio Lewis's Light Gymnastics; they are accompanied by suitable music. We call them into service only occasionally, as we consider them valuable rather for children who have advanced above the age of seven years. We usually occupy the time with *Movement Plays*, or "plays of union and order." A great variety of these, with musical accompaniment, have been written and published in Germany.* We append here a description of one of them, together with the lines to which the accompanying music is set; this is done as an illustrative—and consequently the most simple and effective—method of explaining what a Movement Play is:

First Form.—The children form a ring. A child in the center holds a ball by the string, and imitates the motion of a pendulum, singing:

"Like the pendulum of a clock
I can make it rock tick tock."

All of the children now imitate the movement, be it with the right or left arm or leg.

Second Form.—This is indicated in the lines which are sung:

"As by the wind the branches bend,
Thus we love our time to spend:
Swing, swing! Swinging so, to and fro.
Swing, swing!

Third Form is played during an alternation of solo and chorus:

Solo: "First my ball swings here and there;
Then it swings round everywhere."

Chorus: "We, too, know how to swing,
And turn around and sing."

Or the children may sing, if they swing only their arms around—

"My arm knows how to swing;
It turns and makes a ring."

The circling movement of the ball may serve to illustrate occupations of life, as with the play of the *Windmill*:

"See the windmill how she goes,
While the wind so briskly blows—
Always turning round and round,
Never idle is she found."

* A book containing one hundred of such plays is in progress of preparation for the use of Kinder-Garten and Nursery, by the writer of these articles.

While circling around the child in the center, they may sing:

"Thanks to the miller, brave and good,
The flour he makes serves us for food."

Another child may step forward and sing:

"Please let me be the mill,
To gain your kind good will."

She stands in the center, while the others dance and sing:

"See the windmill how she goes,
While the wind so briskly blows—
Always turning round and round,
Never idle is she found."

After each child has had its turn at being the "Miller," the ring is enlarged by having the children stand at greater distance from each other; then, in concert, they swing their arms and sing:

"On the hill the windmills go
Swiftly when the wind does blow.
The miller in his mill will grind
Corn and grain of every kind."

Among the occupations which serve to strengthen the body, develop the mind and senses, give agility and grace to movement and carriage, the play with the ball ranks high. It exercises the sight, and at the same time concentrates attention upon one point. Time and order are developed during the singing of the songs that accompany the game with balls. Again, the children learn, that, through combined efforts, a much greater result can be obtained than from mere isolated labor. In this play the child also learns to distinguish the six different colors which the balls exhibit upon their surface. With the ball it obtains an idea of the most perfect of forms, and that which is most pleasing to the eye—a sphere. From this it is introduced to the cylinder, and thence to the cube, from which are derived the first ideas of form, and the relations of particles to a whole. When afterwards the cube is received, cut up into smaller cubes, and making a box of building-blocks, the children learn to develop one form from another. Such methodical play gives them a systematic habit in all their thoughts and actions, and brings more and more consciousness into their free play, and offers full opportunity for the development of inherent talent.

Valuable comments upon the value of children's Play Exercises or Movement Plays, we find in an article on the Kinder-Garten, by Miss Peabody, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1862, and now again in her "Kinder-Garten Guide." The following extract admirably expresses our own thought upon this subject:

"Order is the child of reason, and in turn cultivates the intellectual principle. To bring out order on the physical plane, the Kinder-Garten makes it a serious purpose to organize *romping*, and set it to music, which cultivates the physical nature also. Romping is the ecstasy of the body, and we shall find, that, in proportion as children tend to be violent, they are vigorous in body. There is always morbid weakness of some kind where there is no instinct for hard play; and it begins to be the common sense that energetical physical activity must not be repressed, but favored. Some plan of play prevents the little creatures from hurting each other, and fancy naturally furnishes the plan—the mind unfolding itself in fancies, which are easily quickened and led in harmless directions by an adult of any resource. Those who have not imagination themselves, must seek the aid of the Kinder-Garten guides, where will be found, arranged to music, the labors of the peasant, cooper, and sawyer; the windmill, the water-mill, the weather-vane, the clock, the pigeon-house, the hares, the bees, and the cuckoo. Children delight to personate animals, and a fine genius could not better employ itself than in inventing a great many more plays, setting them to rhythmical words, describing what is to be done. Every variety of bodily exercise might be made and kept within the bounds of order and beauty by plays involving the motions of different animals and machines of industry. Kinder-Garten plays are easy, intellectual exercises; for to do anything whatever with a thought beforehand, develops the mind or quickens the intelligence; and thought of this kind does not tax intellect or check physical development: which last must never be sacrificed in the process of education."

The Movement Games are followed by lessons on Form, which occupy fifteen minutes, each Monday and Thursday.

Color furnishes the subject for the lessons on Tuesday and Friday.

All of these are illustrated, and they become in reality Object-Lessons—which have already formed the subject of a part of the article published as the third of this series, in the February number.

The study of verses occupies the time on Wednesday: the children are taught the hymns which form part of the nine o'clock conversational exercise, and the words which accompany the Movement Plays.

The appropriation of fifteen minutes each day to short object-lessons, or the study of verses, serves as transitional from the active exercise of the body to a return to the occupation table, around which the children are seated again, at twelve o'clock, to be engaged during the succeeding forty-five minutes, either with drawing, painting, block or tablet building. On Monday and Thursday the time is appropriated to

DRAWING AND PAINTING,

which method—added to the others already presented—of enabling the children to *represent* objects, is one in which the powers of childhood find full freedom and independence of expression.

Drawing requires close observation and attention: comprehension, perception, concentration, memory, and invention; all of these are brought into active exercise. It brings into action the senses of seeing and feeling, and, above all, develops artistic nature.

It is necessary that the child enter upon it with pleasure. The paper used for this purpose is square-ruled. The object in having it thus ruled, is to place before the child, as it were, an objective retina, upon which can be measured and compared the relative sizes and positions of objects. It is made up in the form of an ordinary writing-book.

By a system of drawing lines of different lengths, and arranging them together so as to produce a variety of figures, a very interesting occupation is developed. At first only vertical lines are made, after which horizontal and diagonal ones are added.

Painting is associated with Drawing by giving to the children colored lead-pencils, which they are encouraged to use by filling up the squares produced by the geometrical figures, which they formed in the drawing lesson. These squares are filled with different colors, so as to produce harmonious effects; only blue, red, yellow, and black pencils, have yet been given to the children; water-colors and brushes may be given them at a future period.

During the first half of the time allowed for this exercise, the children are furnished with copies, which they are encouraged to reproduce; but during the latter portion of the time, they exercise their own ingenuity in designing figures and arranging colors.

Forming letters and words with colored pieces of paste-board, or building with blocks and tablets, are the occupations selected for Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday. By means of the blocks, simple lessons in arithmetic are given, whilst with block-building a large area is open for imparting pleasing and useful instruction.

The care of plants and animals is an occupation which will be introduced during the spring and summer months. It is anticipated that a harvest of results will follow upon such occupations, and that the minds of the children will discern, by practical experience and observation, that a power is at work whose *effects* only are seen, the *cause* being invisible and spiritual. By entering upon

direct intercourse with Nature, the child begins to be interested in the study of itself as a part of Nature. This applies especially to children who live in cities, and have but little opportunity for observing the process of natural development.

The garden which thus forms a part of the Kinder-Garten, should be laid out with a large rectangular or circular plot in the center, surrounded by a gravel walk, and cultivated in common by the children, for general purposes of use and ornamentation. Outside the gravel walk should be a small garden for each child, with a trellis around it to serve as a dividing line. Each one learns through this plan that he is a part of a whole, and also that he has a distinct individuality.

It will dawn upon him, through experience, that the most beautiful gardens are the product of industry, whilst neglect and carelessness are sure to be followed by a harvest of thistles and weeds.

“Anything that a child’s senses perceives, for which he can see no purpose, will fly from his memory like chaff before the wind. Our truest and best men are produced by having been nourished intellectually with much Nature and few books, and more experience than study. A child should first know the ground upon which he grows, and should learn something about plants, animals, and human beings, before he can well understand anything abstract.”—ROSSEAU.

Singing and marching with flags occupies the last quarter of an hour before one o’clock, daily. These are the words of the parting hymn:

“Our play once more is ended,
And all our work is done;
With love and gladness blended,
The children homeward run.
The children, etc.

“Our mother stands to see us;
With joy it fills her heart;
From all her holy counsels
May we no more depart.
May we no more, etc.

“But still my school I prize,
And when I’ve seen her face
I turn my longing eyes
Back to this pleasant place.
Back to this, etc.

“We love to come each day
And be with all the rest,
And sing so merrily
The songs that we love best.
Good-by, good-by, good-by.”
L. P.

“Soon as intelligence sparkles in the eye,
love also shows its light.”

The Unitarian Convention and the Times.

A PALM SUNDAY SERMON.

BY O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

MATTHEW XXI : 8, 9.—And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way; and the multitudes that went before, and they that followed, cried, Hosannah to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!

Once more Palm Sunday—day of transport and of humiliation—impresses on us the lesson of great profession and small performance. It was a great day to the ear and eye, that day when the noisy crowd flung up cap and flung down garment, and the Christ came on to Jerusalem. Bright was the sun on that spring-day; green were the fields; tender were the leaves on the branches which were torn from the trees. But brighter were the hopes in those expectant bosoms; greener were the emotions in those bursting hearts; tenderer were the feelings that budded and blossomed in those freshly-moved human souls. Their eye of faith saw the heavenly kingdom in the happy air that enveloped the princely city, soon to be transfigured into a veritable city of God by the Messiah. How splendidly all things must have looked on that morning, when all of promise that a nation practiced in believing promises could entertain, seemed on the point of becoming a blessed fulfillment! This was the day that had been anticipated for five hundred years; a day whose dawn of hope had been waited for through centuries of exile and of war; a day whose sun took the splendor of whole centuries of suns, made intenser by the long eclipses of ages. No expression of joy could be extravagant on such an occasion. In one short hour it was over. There remained the same skies, the same city, the same men, the same stony paths, the same narrow streets; the same temple, the same market-place; the same Calvary ready for the cross.

It is an old story and a true one: all great excitements are disappointing. All mighty movements and convulsions and revolutions are disappointing. We expect much, and we get little. When the kingdom of God comes, it comes without observation—when men are saying, lo here! lo there! and are thinking of something else. When men are sure that they have found the kingdom of God, and

shout hosannahs over their prize, they are apt to find in their hands, instead of a diamond, a stone. Results rarely, if ever, correspond with agitations and conflicts. The world moves on with vast display of fire-works, salvos of artillery, blowing of horns, waving of banners, often rolled in blood; armed processions, revolts, revolutions; but the world moves very slowly. A nation lives through an agony of a thousand years, shouting hosannahs vociferously all the way—proclaiming the advent of its Messiah at every turn of its fortunes; and all that is gained, is an idea so encrusted with ignorance and superstition, that it can scarcely be distinguished as the jewel that it is. God's gifts are too precious to come fast. They are too great to be splendid. It will not do to count their cost in blood or in treasure. Nor must we expect to get them all at once because the blood and the treasure have been spent.

We have just had, in our own little circle, an illustration of this truth. It was a significant thing, that, on the week of our great national triumphs, when day by day was bringing news of victory, and was confirming our belief that the hour of crowning and ultimate victory had come; when the armies of the Slave Power were making a hasty flight from their last great stronghold; when the eagle was soaring high, pursued by the troop of doves bearing the olive branch; a week, every day of which found our hearts full almost to bursting with thoughts of the national resurrection—it was a significant thing, I say, that, on this week, of all weeks in the year, the Liberal Churches in America should hold their first grand National Convention, to consider the work which they had to do, and to revive the faith by which they were to do it. It seemed one of those fine coincidences—one of those nice pieces of prophecy which we call inspired, that this week should have been selected in advance for such a Convention, and that the call for it should have been so loud, so earnest, so noble, and so arousing. The week was a week of crisis not merely in the history of a nation, but we may indeed say in the history of mankind; and not in their political history alone, either, but in their social history as well. The meeting seemed to foreshadow an epoch in the spiritual history of the times, also. We were called on to take advantage of the high tide in the national life, to float our denomination over its old obstructions—out of its side-channel into the

main current of the religious feeling and Christian activity of the nation. We were reminded of the large number of people in the country, who, in silent indifference to the prevailing creeds, had forsaken all connection with the popular communions, and were now wholly unchurched, and in danger of being wholly unchristianized; of the immense floating body of intelligence detached from all ecclesiastical relations; of the still larger number of dissatisfied, inquiring, earnest, yet courageous and independent minds," "whose wants we better than any others can supply." "To consider the duties of this critical hour in the religious life of the nation," we were summoned.

How the churches responded to the call, we all know. They came, on all the lines of road, from the East and from the West—from Maine to Missouri. The feeling was cordial; the hopes were high. Men came hither who had not attended a religious convention for years; and men were interested in the gathering who for years had been leaders of thought in America, but who stood wholly outside of all religious organizations. The multitude of the attendant delegates was a less remarkable feature than the character of them; for they were distinguished for their intelligence, their social position, their professional reputation; in some instances, their civil rank. The noble Governor of the noble State of Massachusetts presided. They came; they deliberated; they had the prayer and the hymn; they shouted hosannahs; they have gone. What remains? A piece of ground covered with dry leaves, and over them the Spirit of Truth walking on alone towards a *Via Dolorosa*—a Calvary—a resurrection in some form very different from that. The Liberal Body shrunk from its own principle, and disowned the purport of its own summons. It met to protest against the prevalent sectarianism, and to take advantage of its presumed overthrow; and to that end, it made a longer stride toward sectarianism than it had ever made before. It met to give a welcome to the homeless minds and outcast spirits that wandered outside of all Christian communions, and it carefully discriminated itself from them all, and applauded when they were described by opprobrious epithets. It met to glory in a moral radicalism which had brought on a political and social revolution, and it clapped its hands when intellectual radicalism was denounced and spurned in intemperate lan-

guage by the leading spirit of the Convention. It unfolded a magnificent scheme of work, moral, social, educational, spiritual, to be done all over the continent, from the Lakes to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Sea, and it studiously alienated the sympathies of the very men who were the most able, zealous, and competent to do that work. The most terrible desertion the Christ was left to, was the desertion of that night of the day on which the multitude had been shouting hosannahs; the most utter desertion of the Liberal Principle was at the close of those two days of the National Convention of Unitarians. There has never been a Convention so narrow and blind and stubborn as it was.

It is a disappointment, of course; but it is a very small one, and of no consequence. Perhaps the uprising of a new spirit of progress will come all the sooner. The suicide of the sect may cause the resurrection of its truth. At any rate, it will come as soon as it ought to, and sooner than we deserve. It is a lesson against over-sanguine anticipations. We must not expect too much. Hope everything and expect nothing is a safe rule of life. Hope for the kingdom, and expect a kennel; hope for nectar and ambrosia, and expect common bread, without butter, and water from a brackish spring; hope for the newly regenerated nation, and expect a more tolerable state of political parties; hope for an earth made divine, and expect an earth made decent. See in vision the great signs in the sky—the rounded dome of the newly completed temple of Liberty, surmounted by the guardian goddess, her brow circled by a wreath of living eagles; see, in fact, a slightly modified oppression of the black man.

For this rule must be seen running through *all* our experience, national as well as personal. We do not hope too much; we do not believe too much; we do not trust too much; we do not aspire too much; nay, friends, we do not hope, or believe, or trust, or aspire half enough; we *expect* too much. Our confidence in ideas and principles is not half what it should be. Our anticipation of results is about double what it should be. God always means a great deal more than we mean; but we always count on getting a great deal more than he gives. We are expecting too much now—bear with me, dear friends, if I say it—we are expecting too much now immediately from our national successes. There is no man living and breathing on this conti-

ment who exults in those successes more deeply, cordially, earnestly, than I do; there is no man living on this continent who hopes more from them, who discerns more significance in them, or who more heartily believes in the issues of humanity that are folded up in their bosom. My sense of their social importance is greater and stronger than I can utter. They mean the destruction of slavery; and all that that means, it would require more than one sermon to tell; what that means, no living person can now adequately tell. They mean the extension of republican institutions all over the land; and who shall speak of the immense importance of that? They mean the overthrow of the caste-spirit, and the prostration of the aristocratic order; and the momentousness of that is not to be described by any lips so poor and stammering as mine. They mean the prevalence of one humane idea, of one fraternal principle, of one ethical law, of one social rule among all our people. They mean the equal and impartial right of every man to do his own work, open his own career, make his own place, assert his own individual humanity. They mean unity in national and social life. They mean reform in our politics—in our laws, manners, social usages. They mean eventually, doubtless, a reform in the theology and religion of the country; the ultimate decrease of the ecclesiastical and sectarian spirit; the infusion of a more practical and humane element into the popular faith; the substitution to some faint degree of the religion of Jesus for the religion of the Christ—of the faith of the Master for the faith of the Church.

We are told that every living creature has its origin in an egg; and that, up to a certain stage in the embryonic development, it is impossible to tell whether the egg is to bring forth a monkey or a man. Time only shows the difference. The whole kingdom is in a mustard-seed, if we will see it there. But all that we get from the mustard-seed is a bush. This crisis in our history contains in germ all the future of our race. The kingdom of heaven is in it; the hope of the Christ is in it. We should see that it is; we should hope and believe that it is; we should be forever saying that it is; we should keep our spiritual eye fixed on space and straining after a sight of the pinnacles and towers. But shall we see it with our fleshly eyes? Shall we see "social and political prejudices, of the most fixed and hopeless character, giving way before the

majestic power of God's providence, and disappearing like a mist"? Shall we see sectarian lines and barriers shaken down, and the long-separated and unknown brought into view and acquaintance with each other? Shall we see the worth of opinions tested by a demonstration of what is practically inspiring and efficient in the beliefs of Christians?

I do not wish to discourage hope, O friends. On the contrary, I am anxious to inspire it—to keep it alive—to make it bright and strong and effulgent—in order that we may not lose sight of its shining star amid the mists which will inevitably darken the immediate present. To-day we feel wild with enthusiasm. We are ready for the most passionate demonstrations of joy. We are ready to fling down our costliest garments for the triumphant Christ to tread on. There is more hosannah in our hearts than can get out from our mouths. Let us not repress it. Let us be sure that the Christ is coming. But the resurrection is not to-day. The bursting of one set of ceremonies is not it. The work of history is never done clear: God leaves always a ragged fringe for us to clear away.

When this terrific pomp of war shall have passed by; when the guns shall be silent, and the banners shall be folded, and the drums shall cease to beat the long roll, and the bugles shall no longer sound the note of reveille and of victory, the same skies will be seen bending over us; the earth beneath our feet will be the same; nature will be unaltered; and human nature will preserve its old constituent elements, hardly modified sufficiently for the change to be observable. The tempest will have passed over the ocean; the waves will have run mountains high, as if to drown the stars; the surface of the deep will be strewn with the wrecks of noble vessels, freighted with most precious lives; but the profound calmness of the sea will not be affected.

O friends, next week we celebrate the resurrection, not to-day. We must not expect too much, even from all this jubilee and triumph—even from all this splendor of victory. We must not expect a complete revolution even in our political and civil life: still less must we expect one in our theological and spiritual life. We must not expect a revolution in human nature. We must not expect a wide opening now for ideas and sentiments and principles, against which the minds of men were obstinately shut, up to this moment.

We have been in the habit of speaking as if now a great opportunity was offered for the spread and establishment of liberal ideas; as if all that the Reformers had to do was to go in and take possession of the land long promised; as if the destruction of negro slavery was the destruction of all servitude, and the emancipation of the black man was the emancipation of the human soul. Is it so? Is it all opportunity and no struggle now?

It was the assumption, the other day, at the Grand National Unitarian Convention, that the Calvary was all ended. The first stage thereof is. The Christ has stepped out from his narrow, false Hebrew past, and has a way open and clear before him, which, for his own part, he will tread serenely. But buffetings are in store yet.

In the first place, there is likely to be an enormous increase and a tremendous prevalence of the trading and commercial spirit. The passion for getting rich will be stimulated, probably, as it never was before in the history of mankind. The air will be full of speculative bubbles, which will float their little hour, dazzle, burst, and disappear—dissipating in a moment many a beautiful vision of wealth. Fortunes will be made and lost with a rapidity that will craze the mind. The excitement created by the discovery of petroleum oil will be small and limited in extent as compared with the fearful excitements caused by the multitudes of new schemes for developing the industrial resources of a continent hitherto laid under a sterile curse by slavery. The people, beside themselves in a delirium of gain, will for a time neglect all the concerns of the higher intellectual life. The great problems will be unthought of; all the brain there is will be needed for a very different sort of speculation than that of the school or the church. Literature and even art will be tempted to neglect their high calling, and to minister to the heated and passionate temper of the time. The voice of calm philosophy will be disregarded; the teachers of the scientific laws will see the company of their disciples dwindle; and who will heed the prophets? Many a dear sentiment and principle of humanity will be trodden down pitilessly under the hurrying feet of the clamoring crowd. There will be recklessness; of course there will be injustice and oppression. In the tumult, the crowd, the confused jangling and wrestling, many a sweet life, as of the Christ, will be trampled out. Action and reaction will fol-

low hard on each other's heels. Fortune and misfortune will chase one another. Success and disaster will pursue one another in swift succession. The course will be onward still, toward a condition of general prosperity and universal material comfort such as the earth has never witnessed; but the process thereto will be troubled and uneasy.

This, now, is precisely the state of things which the popular religions always seize on for their purposes. The Catholic Church will make prodigious efforts to get the hearts of the restless, fluctuating, unbridled people, for the purpose of establishing its solemn authority in republican America; and doubtless it will succeed to an extent we shall not gladly contemplate. A religion men will have; and, for a time, the most absolute religion; the most stable and firmly based religion; the religion that is richest in memories and associations; the religion which most impressively addresses the imagination and most touchingly affects the senses, will seem to multitudes the only one.

The Protestant sects are already straining in the leash, eager to get at the prey which they see before them in the excited and excitable multitude. The apparatus for a gigantic "revival of religion" is all ready; the machinery is in working order; the treasuries are full of money. The ropes and pulleys for the scene-shifting in the reproduction of the grand drama of redemption are in admirable running condition. Already, through the "Christian Commission," sectarianism in its most offensive form has made monstrous gains. The popular religion has all the elements requisite for its immediate ends at such a time. It has a rigid *creed*—and that is what people who have no time, power, or disposition to think for themselves, will desire and will take. It has symbols, mythologies, fables, dramatic shows, and stage effects; its theological system is by its own definition a "drama," in which God and Satan, Christ, the angels, and man, are the acting personages. And this, too, the imaginative and fanciful people like. As in the days of greatest excitement and unrest during the past four years they crowded the theaters to excess, so in these coming days of frenzied unrest and excitement, it will not be wonderful if they crowd the churches whose theology feeds the same passion for unreal and imaginative entertainment.

The popular religion has all the appliances

for moving the *affections* of the multitude. Its power is over the emotions. Ages of practice have given it a marvelous skill in playing on human hopes and fears. And in these times immediately before us, the nerves that are most sensitive to the touch of terror will lie out on the surface exposed to every slightest movement of the air. Thought will be in abeyance; reflection will be suspended; the power of rational comprehension of ideas, principles, and laws, will be in check; the wings of feeling will be spread to every breeze that blows; and those breezes will all blow from the "evangelical" quarter.

The popular religion, again, offers "*salvation*" on the easiest imaginable terms. It demands no vigilant, patient, anxious toil, in the discipline of personal character, the training of life, the reformation of the natural social state. It dispenses with hard study on the actual problems of human existence. It says, "Believe! believe! cast off all personal responsibility; throw yourself unreservedly on the merits of another, and all is well for time and for eternity." In their calmer periods men were beginning to ponder the truth of this, and to call it in vehement question; but let the calm period pass and the period of passionate excitement return, and they will be ready enough to compound for a full financial activity in this world and a full salvation in the next by so agreeable a sacrifice of their reason.

Will the popular religion be blind to these immense advantages which it possesses over every organized form of Liberalism? Or, having its eyes open to them, will it consent to forego them? In actual possession of the field, as it is, and with all these opportunities for keeping it; with the hold it has on party spirit, which is so rife in our country; with its seat so firmly fixed in intolerance and pride—those unexpelled and inexpugnable demons of the human heart—will it resign its place and its authority without a struggle? I cannot believe it. Our civil war, whatever else it may have affected, has not materially affected the actual condition of human nature, which has continued about the same while empires went down in ruin; while States were blotted out; while nations have perished in desolating wars, and devouring convulsions, and agonized struggles for life. I cannot believe that it has "shaken down many sectarian lines and prejudices;" that it has "broken up the crust of ecclesiastical and theolo-

gical usage, as ice is broken up by the spring freshet." That it has not, was made painfully manifest last week, when the very body that cast that splendid horoscope of the future took occasion to deepen sectarian lines and prejudices, which we fondly hoped were all but effaced; and when the writer of those very words, so free and noble, protested earnestly that he was opposed to the spirit of the age, and to the progressive tendencies of which he had heard so much.

It is something beside opportunity, then, that we have before us; or, rather, it is opportunity for something beside the quiet occupation, possession, and enjoyment of a cleared field. It is opportunity to work in that radical, fundamental, vital way, which will be so imperatively demanded of all Christian men and women.

For, if what I have said be at all true, or have any force; if there be this danger I have depicted of universal and all-devouring greed; of social mobility and unrest; of mental absorption in visions of material paradise; of passionate excitements of tremendous intensity and on a tremendous scale; of sectarian spread and dominion, such as is already foreshadowed—how utterly impotent and insignificant any actual organization of so-called Liberal believers must appear! What can their ecclesiasticism do against the towering ecclesiasticism of the other "orthodox" and "evangelical" sects—to say nothing of the beauty of Episcopacy or the sublimity of Romanism? What can their feeble and loose organizations do against organizations like theirs, so compact, so vast, so completely furnished, so ably officered and conducted, so wealthy, so accustomed to rapid and effective manœuvre? What can their inconsistent, illogical, and irresolute sectarianism, do against a sectarianism that is fortified by every pious consideration, whose boast is in its narrowness, whose pride is in its unflinching constancy, whose glory is in its absolute intolerance?

In times like those which are likely to come upon us, how many will be moved to join a small, unpopular, and derided sect, which has no creed that it can state, no cultus, no priesthood, no drama, no stage effects, no mythology, no infinite terrors or trusts, no passion or power of exciting it, no territory, no dominion, no concourse of followers, no popular prestige or reputation, no hold on the allegiance of the masses, no wealth drawn from the treasury

of the people's hard earnings, no sweep of inspiration, no *abandon*, no earnest zeal for saving souls? It seems to me that very few indeed will be attracted to a sect like this; and so it is my conviction that the attempt to make Liberal Christianity a sect, was a mistake particularly deplorable just now, and calculated, if persisted in, to destroy completely the intellectual and moral influence of the body.

Never can "Unitarianism" be a popular form of religion. Never as a religious sect will Unitarians have a large influence. Never as an organization will they be able to effect much in Christendom.

What the religious future of America is to be, God the Omniscient only knows. In all probability it will be for the next century substantially what it is now. Certainly it will not be "Unitarianism." Our work, if I may be bold enough to say so, is not to give people a new religion which shall be only a slight modification of the old one; it is not to give people a new religion at all; it is, rather, to instruct and enlighten them upon the facts of actual life; it is to teach them truth—truth of knowledge, not truth of conjecture; it is to stimulate the exercise of reason; to cultivate the natural affections of the heart; to enforce the natural commands of the educated conscience. To give a religious interpretation to the facts and experiences of ordinary existence is our province; to make men see God in their eating and drinking—their work and their play; it is to make them perfect themselves and their humanity; to think and live as rational beings; to master the rules of personal and social happiness; to construct their lives and the experiences of their lives on the basis of sound scientific morality. To emancipate men from ecclesiasticism and sectarianism is the providential work to which we are called; and to this end we are to welcome thought, to encourage freedom, to stimulate science, art, literature, and all the other agencies that help to cultivate mankind and confer on them self-dependence. We are pioneers and explorers, who make way for the new cities which shall one day be built. We believe in the world *as it is*, and make it our business to understand the world as it is. We believe in human nature as it is, and make it our business to teach men how they make their characters and lives conform to their nature. Our usefulness, as I view it, therefore, depends on the courage and determination with which

we can keep clear of the popular religion under any or all of its modifications, and can devote ourselves to the work of civilizing, softening, humanizing, naturalizing men and women of our generation. The religion of the future will take care of itself. It is as much as we can all do to counteract some of the worst effects of the religion of the present; and we cannot do that so long as we suffer ourselves to be entangled with it. Perhaps the policy of absolute independence of the individual teachers is the best policy now, because it is the policy that best secures perfect freedom, and prevents a needless waste of thought in concession and compromise.

Do not mistake me, dear friends, by ascribing to me the least despondency in view of any of our affairs. I was never so full of faith and hope as now. The future opening before us is magnificent indeed. I see the passion-week; the scenes of trial and crucifixion; but I see the risen spirit of Truth and Liberty more distinct than ever. The secret, informing, molding convictions of the time, are, I devoutly believe, with the natural reason, conscience, and heart of love. Knowledge is slowly coming into power. The popular religion is strong in its hold on the defects, the weaknesses, the superficial passions of human nature—its vanity, its pride, its superstition, its fear. They who can succeed in laying hold on the eternal instincts of human nature—on its profound sympathies, its radical beliefs, its deathless hopes, its immortal aspirations—will do their part towards fashioning the faith of the future. God grant that we may believe in him supremely and only, and may serve him by serving that Spirit of Truth which "guides us into all truth," and "shows us things to come."

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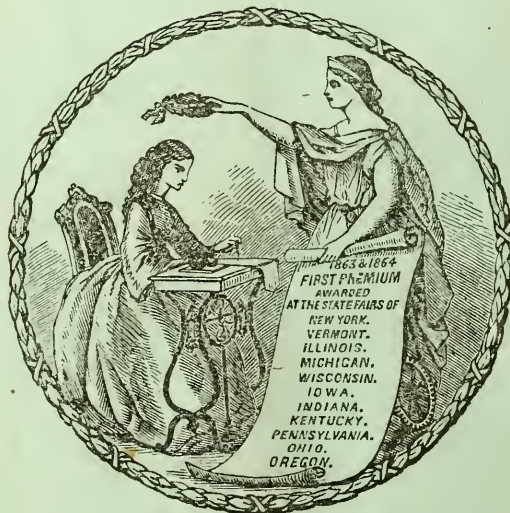
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